THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

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TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

THE BELGIAN DEBT SETTLEMENT

"ANOTHER STITCH in sewing up the wounds of the war" was taken, as one newspaper remarks, when the arrangement for funding the Belgian debt to the United States was signed on August 18. The settlement is termed by Secretary Mellon "a recognition of the integrity of international obligations and the settlement of a question which might disturb the long friendship of the two nations." The Brussels newspaper *Le Soir* now remarks that "those who attributed the soul of Shylock to our American friends were bad prophets." The prompt and generous adjustment with Belgium should, in the opinion of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, "explode the impression rather sedulously cultivated abroad that America is demanding the impossible from debtor nations." The charge that we are an exacting creditor, agrees the Baltimore *Sun*, can no longer be held valid anywhere. The terms of settlement, says the Dallas *News*, shows a generosity "which mocks those who have imputed to us the mercilessness of a Shylock," and the settlement, it adds, is also gratifying because it "almost assures the success of the negotiations which are shortly to begin with representatives of France and Italy." But the important thing about it all, as the Los Angeles *Times* sees it, is that "Belgium has been too careful of its national honor to permit it to be stained by repudiation of just debts."

REELING IN
—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

It was on May 29 that Belgium informed our Treasury Department that it desired to "initiate at an early date negotiations for the definite settlement" of its debt to the United States. A Belgian Debt Commission was appointed, consisting of Baron de Cartier, Belgian Ambassador to the United States, former Premier Theunis, and two Belgian bankers. On August 10 these gentlemen met in Washington with the American Debt Commission, composed of Secretaries Mellon, Kellogg, and Hoover; Senator Smoot, Representatives T. E. Burton and Charles R. Crisp, Richard Olney and Edward N. Hurley. On the 18th an agreement was announced. Belgium, it was agreed by both sides, occupies a peculiar position as a debtor. Her total debt is divided into a war-time and a post-war indebtedness. According to the Treaty of Versailles, the Allies, including the United States, agreed to collect from Germany reimbursement for the sums lent to Belgium. But Congress refused to ratify the Treaty, and thus the United States is not legally bound by the agreement. Nevertheless, the United States Debt Commission held that "there does continue a weighty moral obligation as a result of assurances given which entirely differentiates" the war-time portion of the Belgian debt "from all of the debts due the United States from foreign countries." Therefore, the entire debt is split into two portions in the refunding. First, there is the $171,780,000 of pre-armistice debt, on which no interest at all is to be charged and which is to be paid in sixty-two annual instalments—of $100,000,000 each the first two years, of a slightly larger sum each year until it amounts to $2,900,000 in 1932, to remain at that figure up to the final payment of $2,280,000. The post-armistice debt of $246,000,000 includes accrued interest up to this summer, part of the time at 4¼ and part of the time at 3 per cent. This sum is to be paid off in sixty-two years. It is planned to make the payments somewhat easier for the first ten years. The first ten interest payments are established arbitrarily; after that the rate is 3½ per cent. The first annual payment of this part of the debt (including both interest and principal) is to be $2,840,000, then it increases each year until, after the third payment, the annual instalment is to be a little less than $10,000,000. This means a total payment from Belgium over the period of sixty-two years of $727,830,500, the amount necessary to pay off with interest in instalments an actual debt fixt at $417,780,000.

According to the Washington correspondents, members of the American Debt Commission emphasize the fact that the Belgian agreement is not to be regarded as a precedent which will apply to either France or Italy, the two principal remaining debtors. The settlement, in other words, is said to class Belgium as "the most favored nation" in the debtor group. It is important, says the Kansas City *Star*, that other debtor nations, especially France and Italy, recognize unusual circumstances:

"Not only was Belgium recognized at the Peace Conference as in a different situation from other countries, but she was in a

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peculiar degree the innocent bystander in the tremendous clash of arms and she stood to make no such territorial gains as came to France and Italy. Naturally, these nations can not expect similar terms."

The Belgian settlement, as the Minneapolis *Tribune* sees it, "should be accepted by France as a precedent only in so far as it gives France assurance that she will not be face to face with a cold, rigid, unsympathetic money-monger." Of course, remarks the New York *World*,

"The sums involved are indeed so small that the whole transaction has almost no financial importance. The importance of the settlement is political and moral because of its effect on the impending French and Italian settlements.

"But the American Commissioners have changed nothing in principle. Altho they have cut the cost of the pre-armistice debt to Belgium more than 50 per cent., they have done so for a reason that the other debtors can not use. Belgium was promised special treatment by Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau, and the American Commissioners recognize the promise by insisting that it is unique.

"This was a wise decision on their part. It removes all reasonable basis for objection to the settlement in Belgium. At the same time we are spared the inevitable misunderstanding which would be bound to follow any favoritism shown to one Ally as against another. In principle the Belgians are to pay on the same terms as the British."

The admission by the American negotiators of the existence of a "moral obligation" with respect to Belgium's war debt is widely and variously commented on in the press. The Chicago *Tribune*, which opposed Wilson and the League, suggests that it might possibly "have been a handsomer thing to make Belgium a present of the war debt":

"If the moral obligation applied to the interest it would seem equally to apply to the principal. We seem to say that we feel a little sense of moral obligation, but not enough to go all the way through."

From the view-point of a supporter of Wilson and the League, the Milwaukee *Journal* remarks that if in one case the representatives of the Republican Administration find "that there continues a weighty moral obligation, they may think of that far greater moral obligation to range America's power and influence beside other nations in the cause of peace." The Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* thinks that "to admit Belgium's pre-armistice debt to abatement is to open the door wide to the filing of a similar claim for abatement for the pre-armistice debt of France." Both abatements, it believes, "will be justified, and for the same basic reasons."

While Washington correspondents share the official belief that Congress and the Belgian Government will both ratify the funding agreement, William J. Losh says, in the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, that this moral obligation may cause trouble in Congress:

"In any event, it will afford an opportunity to see whether the passions that raged over the Versailles Treaty and President Wilson have burned out with the deaths of several of the 'irreconcilables,' or whether Senators Jim Reed and Hiram Johnson can fan them into flame again.

"Friends of the League will not be slow to advance other 'moral obligations,' which they declare Woodrow Wilson bound the country to, and which they say the country has not met. The whole League question probably will be reopened in the Senate over the World Court and this one point."

One principle of the present Administration's policy regarding the war debts is "capacity to pay." The New York *Journal of Commerce* takes an optimistic view of Belgium's resources, based largely on statements made by former Premier Theunis and other facts summarized in a *Journal of Commerce* dispatch from Brussels. According to this correspondence it would seem that while the 1925 Belgian budget is in deficit, this is partly due to generosity in increasing salaries of government employees, to debt charges on recent borrowings from private citizens in the United States, and to slowness and evasion on the part of taxpayers. Moreover, Belgium is said to be lightly taxed, her taxpayers contributing for government expenditures only 408 francs per capita as compared with 606 for the United States, 744 for France, and 1,427 for England. Her public debt is said to be only slightly over one-fourth of her national wealth, while France and England have national debts equal to about half their wealth. Practically the entire program of reconstruction has been completed. Belgium is said to have come back so strongly in industry as to be at least as powerful a factor as before the war in the production of metals, coal, cement, textiles and glass. Besides increased production capacity, the writer in *The Journal of Commerce* would have us remember that "ever since the Armistice this nation has had the cream of reparations payments," and, finally, we are told that "the most important resource upon which Belgium may draw in meeting a fair charge on her American debt is the wealth of her colony, the Kongo."

The concessions to Belgium, says the Omaha *World Herald*, simply mean that "the larger part of the debt due the United States from Belgium must be paid, not by the Belgian taxpayers, but by the taxpayers of this country; the debt owed our Government by Europe is being converted by negotiation into a debt owed our Government by the American people." A different sort of transfer of the burden of payment is seen by *The Journal of Commerce* when it looks for an answer to the question how the payments by Belgium for the next sixty-two years are to be effected:

"So far as Belgium is concerned, it is said now with considerable definiteness that that country expects to begin borrowing operations here during the coming autumn, and that initial loans are to be not less than $50,000,000 in amount. The fact that these earlier advances or the later loans that are certain to follow if conditions permit are directly used for 'reconstruction purposes,' as announced, would not in the least prevent them from forming the basis for interest and amortization payments on debt to the Government of the United States. If events do work themselves out in this way—if funds borrowed from private investors in this country are used directly or indirectly to pay our Government its due claims under the funding arrangements—then the ultimate effect of the arrangements now brought to a tentative conclusion will be none other than that the private citizen of this country becomes burdened with carrying the Belgian Government while our Government as such is able to step out from under that load."

With the funding of the Belgian debt, we read in a New York *Times* dispatch from Washington, "six nations have made arrangements with the United States for payment of more than $5,000,000,000 of the $12,000,000,000 due her through war loans to twenty countries." The principal as funded, the interest to be paid, and the total payments are shown by *The Times* in the following table:

	Principal	*Interest*	*Total*
Belgium	$417,780,000	$310,050,500	$727,830,000
Finland	9,000,000	12,695,055	21,695,055
Great Britain	4,600,000,000	6,505,965,000	11,105,965,000
Hungary	1,939,000	2,754,240	4,693,240
Lithuania	6,030,000	8,501,940	14,531,940
Poland	178,560,000	257,127,550	435,687,550
Total	$5,213,309,000	$7,097,094,285	$12,310,403,285

Of the total amount funded, payments on principal amounting to $46,000,000 and of interest amounting to $276,000,000 have been paid, practically all of it coming from Great Britain. We are reminded by the writer in *The Times* that:

"Included in the nearly $7,000,000,000 yet unfunded are France's debt of $4,210,556,948 and Italy's obligation of $2,138,543,852, and also $255,147,692 which this country loaned to Russia, which is regarded as uncollectable. But should the $6,350,000,000 lent to France and Italy be funded, there would remain outstanding only $635,000,000."

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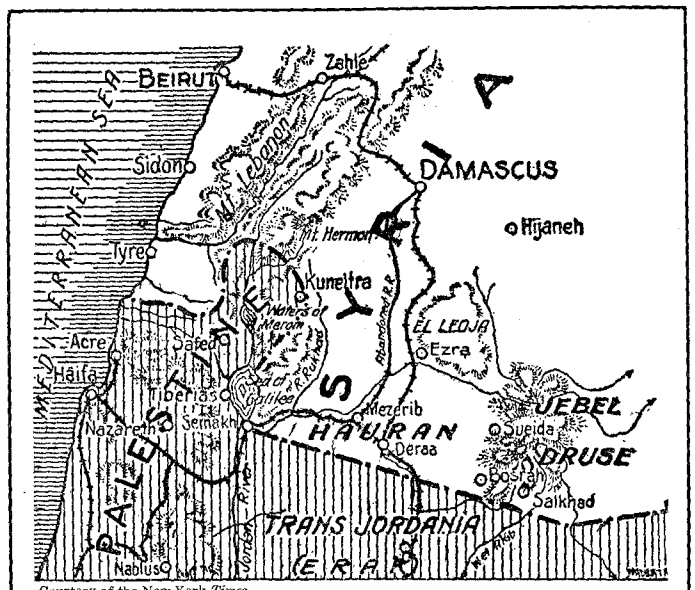
THE DRUSES ON THE WAR-PATH

EIGHT HUNDRED KILLED, wounded, and missing, not to mention the loss of three air-planes, several tanks, many guns and many camels—such were the consequences to the French in Syria the other day when a horde of infuriated Druses attacked an artillery convoy. The reasons are variously explained by the correspondents. One, an Associated Press man, cables his theory that it was because the French had interfered in a quarrel among Druses over their notions as to who should be made governor, a Frenchman or a native. Another tells the New York *Evening Post* that it was because King Feisal of Irak, which is under British mandate, "wants Syria governed in the same way," and therefore incited violence there. The same correspondent quotes Turkish informants as saying that the Druse uprising was the immediate result of serious quarrels among oil companies. Still again, we are told by the Chicago *Daily News's* representative that the Druses have rebelled chiefly because the French forbid travelers "to accept hospitality in private Druse homes." This, he explains, "is an old custom, dating from the days when a hotel was unknown in the Lebanon mountains. Since the French occupation of Syria, a number of modern hotels have been built, but many travelers preferred to accept the hospitality of the natives. The French, trying to put an end to this custom, imprisoned several Druses who were found guilty of entertaining travelers." Thereupon, a Druse leader visited French High Commissioner Serrail at Beirut, but "failed to receive satisfaction," and preparations for revolt were begun, the Druses sending their women, children and cattle across the border into Palestine. To the New York *World*, however, the uprising appears to be a result of many French blunders—



Courtesy of the New York *Times*

WHERE FRANCE HAS HAD ANOTHER LITTLE WAR

Showing the corner of Syria where the Druses have been fighting. Peace negotiations, now afoot, may soon put an end to hostilities.

"No one in Syria invited the French to come into that country. The French came of their own accord. They came at the end of the war, came despite promises to their Moslem allies of an Arabia for the Arabians. They came with the formula of a mandate, but with the administrative methods of an empire. Having come, and having ruled five years, and having had five rebellions in that space of time, they face another problem now. The sixth rebellion has just started.

"In the Druse area of Syria the French had to deal with a particularly restless and strong-spirited people who have a heritage of years of former greatness. Their first act was to put in charge of the Druse area a certain Captain Carbillet, fresh from the French colonies in Africa and thoroughly imbued with the white man's ideas of how to govern a jungle. Their next act, when spokesmen of the district came to Beirut to protest against this Governor, was to jail leaders of the delegation. Their third act, having thus stimulated Arab indignation, was to mistake a religious festival for a political gathering and send an army to disperse it. Firing followed. The Governor thereupon attempted to arrest every local leader of importance. One, the Sultan Pasha, resisted. French air-planes promptly bombed the Sultan Pasha's village. Hostilities began. The French attempted to strike up an alliance in behalf of Western civilization with the Damascus Kurds and the Circassians of Kuneitra; proclaimed this war a war for peace and order; sent out more planes, dropt tons of high explosives, and killed according to a dispatch from Cairo, 'numerous women and children.'"

As the Baltimore *Sun* reminds us, "an essential point with reference to the revolt is found in the fact that this territory is neither a dominion nor a colony, nor even a protectorate under French rule." For—

"France is in Syria as a mandatory of the League of Nations, the mandate being one of the so-called 'Class A' type which clearly recognizes eventual independence for the inhabitants of the supervised area. A clear distinction separates this group of mandates, covering only Palestine, Syria and Mesopotamia from those exercised over the former German colonies in Africa and the Pacific, in which cases complete administration by the mandatory Power is granted. The distinction is brought out in Article 22 of the League of Nations covenant, paragraph four of which reads:

"Certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have reached a stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized, subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a Mandatory until such time as they are able to stand alone. The wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory."

Writing in the New York *Times*, Arthur Littlefield informs us that "the territory which the French govern in Syria includes an area of 60,000 square miles with a population probably under 3,000,000. Unfortunately, it has not a homogeneous population." The Druses number about 150,000, and we read:

"It is reported that there are 7,000 first-class horsemen among them, and that they may possibly place in the field 15,000 rifles. On the other hand, it has been asserted by Mgr. Cadi Nicolas, Archbishop of Hauran in the Jebel Druse region, which is about fifty-five miles south and a little east of Damascus, who recently reached Marseilles from Syria, that 'the Druses, who are unarmed and have no officers, can not be prepared for any serious movement.'

"The danger lies in the fact that the insurrection may bring to life the Syrian Committee, or the Iron Hand. Organized by the Sultan Atrash in 1922, it was later disorganized by General Gouraud. The committee may launch propaganda for immediate independence, while the Iron Hand may assassinate officials, as it began to do three years ago. The worst feature of the affair, however, is that in the Druses General Sarrail has an absolutely uncompromising enemy who may not be pursued with any success into his own home.

"Coming from Kurdish, Persian and Arab wanderers, they were organized in the eleventh century by the Egyptian Darasi, the confessor of Hakem, the Fatimite Caliph of Egypt, who had caused the incarnation of God in himself to be proclaimed by his confessor. Thereupon Darasi, having been driven out by the people, came to Lebanon, where he taught a new religion, giving his own name to his followers—'Druses.'

"This religion has developed into a fanatical form of Mohammedanism and the faith of the people is a composite of the Mosaic Law, the Christian Gospels, the Koran and the Sufi allegories. They believe in one God who has revealed himself ten times upon earth as mortal man—the first as Christ, the last as Hakem. Some of them dwell in southern Lebanon, where they hold possession of forty towns and villages and divide the possession of about 200 more with the Maronites; others, those now in revolt, inhabit the Jebel, where they have full possession of eighty villages. Among their seven cardinal principles are three which have a particular bearing on their conduct toward the French: 'Mutual protection and resistance,' 'repudiation of all other religions,' and 'separation from those in error and from demons.'"

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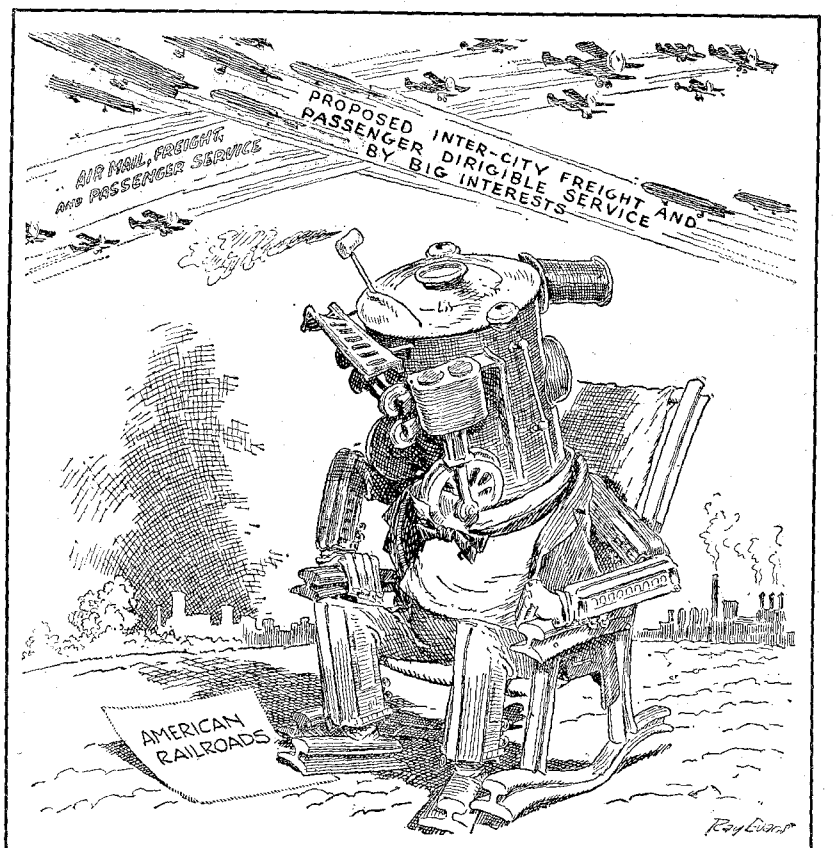
BIG BUSINESS IN THE AIR

A BATTLE OF BILLIONS, involving Morgan interests, Henry Ford, John Hays Hammond, Jr., inventor and son of the millionaire mining man, Colonel Henderson's new $10,000,000 aerial transport company—a battle among these great financial interests for control of the country's aerial transportation—is predicted by several newspaper correspondents and editors who have read the news filtering out of Washington, Detroit, Chicago, New York, and Swampscott in recent weeks. "Titanic developments that will affect the whole problem of transportation in the near future, not only in the United States, but throughout the world," are envisaged by the Cincinnati *Enquirer* since Mr. Hammond, representing the Air Ways Corporation, exprest a desire to lease the naval dirigible *Los Angeles* for experimental flights, under the control of a naval crew. And since, under the international agreement by which the *Los Angeles* was built, she can not be used for military purposes, "it might well be used for experimental purposes in connection with developing commercial aviation," believes the Albany *News*, and Secretary of Commerce Hoover agrees that "if the United States is to develop aviation commercially, it must aid private concerns in this way." According to a Swampscott dispatch to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat:*


PROPOSED INTER-CITY FREIGHT AND PASSENGER DIRIGIBLE SERVICE BY BIG INTERESTS
AIR MAIL, FREIGHT AND PASSENGER SERVICE
AMERICAN RAILROADS
Ray Evans

WILL IT COME TO THIS?

—Evans in the Columbus *Dispatch.*

"If Mr. Hammond's company obtains a lease of the *Los Angeles*, the plans contemplate a daily schedule between New York and Chicago, to be covered in twelve hours. The proposed rate of mileage is ten cents a mile, or $75 for the trip from New York to Chicago. If this system proves successful, using the *Los Angeles* in the experimental stages, the company proposes to extend the system with larger ships to include Boston, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, Omaha and St. Louis."

According to Mr. Hammond:

"We would use the *Los Angeles* only between New York and Chicago. The travel between these two cities is the largest in the country, and if the service proved successful, then our company proposes to extend the service, with new and better ships, to Atlanta, Havana and Panama, making a route of over 4,000 miles. If these elaborate plans should succeed, the next step is the development of a transatlantic service."

IRON UMBRELLAS WILL SOON BE IN STYLE

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

While these, it is pointed out, are merely "plans," the carrying out of which depends largely upon the favorable action of the Government as to the lease of the *Los Angeles* and of Congress in passing favorable air navigation laws, they nevertheless have caught the interest not only of Secretary of Commerce Hoover, but of President Coolidge as well. "And that is the whole point of the situation," writes Carter Field, Swampscott correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune;* "from now on, the development of commercial aviation will be fostered by the Government in every possible way." "Certainly," agrees the Atlanta *Journal*, "the nation's interests require that the Government lend every rightful aid to commercial aviation, for if it is not encouraged and developed in peace it will not be available in war." As the Mobile *Register* points out: "Commercial aviation bears the same relation to military aviation as the merchant marine does to the Navy; it supplies the pilots and planes needed in war. That is why European and Asiatic nations subsidize their airways." The Brooklyn *Eagle*, therefore, hopes "something practical may come of the Hammond proposal," altho it realizes that Mr. Hammond must take his chances with other bidders for the *Los Angeles* lease. As the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* remarks:

"Henry Ford has bought out all the stockholders of the Stout Metal Airplane Company, together with the patents and manufacturing rights, and will operate the plant as a division of the Ford Motor Company, which, it is predicted, will have 100 planes in its own service within a year.

"The Morgan syndicate, it seems, is going in for lighter-than-air craft. The fact that the Morgan crowd is going in for dirigibles, while Ford will manufacture air-planes, gives color to another statement regarding the prospective war of financial interests for control of the air—the contestants being the champions of lighter-than-air craft and heavier-than-air craft.

"This is a battle which may rage furiously at no distant time,

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and may get deep enough into politics to disrupt parties and determine the results of Presidential elections. This struggle, however, is in the future. Meantime, it seems as if the natal day of practical commercial aviation in the United States is flushing the Eastern horizon."

While Mr. Hammond is interested in lighter-than-air machines, Henry Ford, points out the New York *Sun*, "after long and careful experimentation, apparently has decided that the air-plane has completely proved its worth as a commercial carrier, and that it will greatly reduce delivery time not only on important parts for motor-cars and tractors, but on mail between the Detroit office and its various branches." So far, hundreds of trips have been made, most of them on schedule time, without a serious accident, and it is Mr. Ford's intention, says a Detroit dispatch to the New York *World*, to connect the various large cities of the United States by airways and maintain a regular schedule of deliveries. In the opinion of the Louisville *Times:*

"This is fortunate for the public. Factory experiments in air travel will test the reliability of the machines before the novices will have a chance to risk their necks. Improvements will be forthcoming before the planes go on the market. Meanwhile, the Ford organization will be building up an air equipment of considerable commercial importance. It will give America a start toward the development of a 'merchant air fleet.'"

The newspapers, as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* remarks, "fairly teem with bewildering plans for commercial aviation on an unprecedented scale." Then there are military and semi-governmental developments. Within a few days three giant sea-planes will set out from California for Hawaii, 2,150 miles, on a non-stop flight. The Air Mail, which has been the "backbone" of commercial aviation since the Armistice, completed its first year of twenty-four-hour service on the transcontinental route on July 1, and at the same time inaugurated a night service between New York and Chicago. The planes of the Curtiss company, says the Detroit *News*, "flew more than 100,000 miles last year, and carried 3,500 passengers without an accident." We are using air-planes in surveying, in photographing cities and mapping land tracts, in writing advertisements in the sky, and in preventing forest fires. Daniel Guggenheim, a New York millionaire copper magnate, has established a trust fund of half a million dollars for a school of aeronautics in New York University. Cleveland has built and equipped a municipal flying field, equal to the world's best, we are informed by *The Plain Dealer*. Henry Ford has erected a mooring-mast at Dearborn; it is a standing invitation, one might say, for the *Los Angeles* or *Shenandoah* to visit the Ford Air-port. America has developed within the past few months, says J. F. Essary, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, air-plane motors the equal of, or superior to, the engines of any other country; our military air-planes are not excelled anywhere in the world; in no other nation are there so many civilian air-plane pilots as in this country. In fact, observes *The Wall Street News*, "the United States is evidently in a fair way toward establishing itself as a leader among the nations."

THE OVERHEAD EXPRESS
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

THE FLEDGLING
—Sykes in the New York *Evening Post.*

In a Washington dispatch to the Seattle *Times*, W. W. Jermane reminds us that the National Air Transport, a $10,000,000 concern, has been formed by New York, Chicago, and Detroit interests, and Col. Paul Henderson, who recently resigned as Second Assistant Postmaster-General, has been named general manager. Luther K. Bell, formerly traffic manager of the Air Mail Service, is also associated with Colonel Henderson. The corporation, which is said to have ordered $200,000 worth of cargo-carrying air-planes, was formed for the development of commercial aviation between New York and Chicago, and has an arrangement with the American Railway Express whereby collections and deliveries will be made, thus rendering air express "as simple as the Air Mail," points out the Grand Rapids *Press*. Continues Mr. Jermane:

"Colonel Henderson for more than four years, as Second Assistant Postmaster-General, has been a pioneer in the work of developing aviation. He it is who made the transcontinental Air Mail Service a success. It has been estimated if the Henderson route should be a success, hundreds of millions of private capital will go into commercial aviation within a decade. That would mean rapid air service between practically all important points in the country, revolutionizing not only the mail service, but drawing the country as closely together for business purposes as if it were no larger than England or France.

"There will probably be no such expansion as this, however, until Congress enacts a law placing air transportation under the same government supervision that long has been exercised over water transportation."

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SHALL THE AIR GIANTS MOVE WEST?

"IN THE NAME OF COMMON SENSE, why all this activity?" asks a Middle Western editor on learning that our "Pacific coast defenses" are to be "greatly strengthened" and San Diego made the airport of the dirigibles *Los Angeles* and *Shenandoah*. "Why do we give the world every reason to believe that we fear or distrust Japan?" Putting this question before the readers of the Duluth *News*, the editor reminds them that we have declared that "we don't want Japanese in America on the same basis with other races." This was going far enough, he thinks, while the Newark *News* recalls "war maneuvers at Hawaii," and asks, in view of the new plans: "What chance is there of making peace on the Pacific?" Moreover, many see in the proposed change a great financial sacrifice. As the Philadelphia *Inquirer* observes,

LINE OF COMMERCIAL DIRIGIBLES TO OPERATE FROM LOS ANGELES NORTH.
ANNUAL U.S. AIR RESERVE MANEUVERS
MISS SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
SAN DIEGO TO BE OFFICIAL U.S. AIR HEADQUARTERS
AIRSHIP LOS ANGELES TO HAVE SAN DIEGO AS A HOME BASE
TWO AIR MAIL LINES FOR LOS ANGELES
TRANS-PACIFIC PLANES BUILT AT SAN DIEGO
BERRY DAY 1925

SHE'S "WALKING ON AIR"

—Day in the Los Angeles *Times*.

"The Philadelphia Navy Yard is the home of the great naval aircraft factory, representing an investment value of $6,750,000, with stores and equipment valued at $24,000,000 additional. From this factory have come not only naval air-planes, but the *Shenandoah*, a real marvel of efficiency which was designed and largely fabricated here, to be assembled later at the immense hangar at Lakehurst, New Jersey. Shall we abandon the naval aircraft factory here? Shall we abandon Lakehurst, with its immense field-hangars and equipment representing an investment of $6,000,000?"

Another Philadelphia paper, *The Record*, tells us that "the government expenditures at Lakehurst, New Jersey, reach a total of $10,000,000," and remarks that Congress is "not at all likely" to approve the abandonment of so costly a base. As "this is a day of retrenchment in government expenditures," Secretary Wilbur "is going to encounter all sorts of opposition in trying to enforce his views," says the Atlanta *Journal*, and the New York *Evening Post* suspects that in adopting them the Secretary of the Navy was influenced more or less by his affection for the Pacific coast, as he "hails from that coast" and "bestowed the name of his home city, Los Angeles, on our German-built dirigible." Secretary Wilbur's own explanation of his views, as given to the press, runs thus:

"San Diego is the only logical place in the country where lighter-than-air training and flight operations of all kinds may be carried out under the best possible conditions the year round.

"It is the intention of the Navy Department, as soon as funds may become available, to transfer the entire lighter-than-air activities of the Navy to San Diego. The reason for this is that there is greater opportunity here for training with the fleet."

But are the "best possible conditions" desirable? The Louisville *Courier-Journal* thinks not, as they mean "a kind of hot-house development of the dirigible" and "may mean the perfection of an exotic type of craft that can flourish only in the confines of that salubrious climate." Moreover—

"At a time when aeronautical engineers of Europe are getting somewhat nearer the solution of transatlantic air flights, this action of the Secretary of the Navy is to move away as far as possible from the Atlantic coast. The present air base at Lakehurst, New Jersey is a strategic point in this development. It was the terminus of the successful air voyage of the *Los Angeles* from the shores of Lake Constance, and that trip demonstrated that transatlantic air travel is no longer a fantastic dream."

As the New York *Times* points out, "other things than weather conditions enter into the location for the great lighter-than-air ships," and we are told:

"If dirigibles have a military value, they are needed in the manufacturing and financial East, extending from New York to Pittsburgh, a part of the country which an enemy would mark as his objective. The industrial resources of the northern Atlantic States would be of incalculable value in the event of attack. To protect them the United States would have to retain command of the air. If to that dirigibles are essential, or could contribute to it, the Lakehurst station should not be abandoned."

Replying to *The Times*, the San Diego *Union* gives us an editorial, which reads in part:

"This is not a move for military protection, but to provide opportunities for experiment and training. There is no other military field in this country that reports a greater annual average of good flying days. As for Lakehurst, it might be remembered that quite recently one dirigible postponed a contemplated flight six times on account of adverse weather.

"The Secretary of the Navy, in announcing the change, said that the greater part of the battle fleet would be based on this coast, and that dirigibles stationed here would therefore have more chance to train with the ships. Based on North Island, the dirigibles could report for maneuvers within an hour or two after being notified.

"These conditions would permit almost daily trial and experiment with the various problems of lighter-than-air ships. They would allow extensive training for the personnel manning these craft. They would permit a final decision to be reached as to the actual military value of these liners of the skies. Here, rather than in the uncertain climate of the Atlantic coast, the ships can be brought to that final state of perfection which will permit their use in any kind of weather. It is well to look at these facts squarely, and to understand that Mr. Wilbur's choice was not dictated by whimsy or favoritism."

To the Nashville (Tenn.) *Banner* it seems obvious that the location would be a good one, and that the country would get more service from the two tremendous machines. Furthermore, the Detroit *Free Press* remarks:

"The international skies everywhere are clear now as far as America's individual relations with other countries are concerned, but it also is true that for various reasons, the logical central point for concentration of defensive naval strength has of late shifted from the Atlantic area to the Pacific area, and that the more plainly capable we are of taking care of ourselves along our west shore and in the outlying insular regions, the more confident we may feel that quiet and generally friendly relations will continue indefinitely among the countries bordering the great South Sea.

"Besides this, there is another, strictly business reason why the establishment of a dirigible base somewhere on the Pacific coast is desirable. At present our aerial craft are altogether too far from home and the repair-shop when they travel from the extreme East to the extreme West. There should be hangars on both edges of the continent, just as there should be drydocks for the ships of the Navy on both edges."

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THE NARCOTICS SCANDAL

NUMEROUS STOLEN TREASURES, including "a beautiful Chinese green jade vase worth $5,000 and a green jade opium-smoking outfit, considered one of the finest in the world," figure in newspaper accounts of the charges against a deposed high official of the Narcotics Division of the Internal Revenue Department. With "three trusted assistants," he is accused of "bartering drugs for the loot of robbers" in Chicago, we read, tho the Chicago *Daily News* tells us that, while he "admits accepting gifts from drug addicts," he "insists that they merely exprest the gratitude of sufferers for the help given them." A search for the supposed donors led the detectives to the opium district, where "several hundred Chinese were arrested, $50,000 worth of opium seized, and more than twenty 'joints' visited." The reporter goes on to say: "The apparent linking of Chicago's great dope-distributing ring—known as the largest in the country—with nationally known criminals, who form one of the most profitable group of dope-users, is considered as the biggest accomplishment in the alleged exposé." According to an Associated Press dispatch from Chicago:

"Chief Irey, in detailing the investigation leading to the arrests and raids, said that twenty special agents from other cities came here, and within a few hours had been able to make purchases of narcotics in Chinese places.

"'It's the biggest exposure of a dope ring ever made in the United States,' he declared. 'Chicago has been the source of supply for the entire country. All the big men in the dope industry made their headquarters here. The stuff is brought into the United States from Canada and Mexico.'"

As the Chicago *Tribune* reports, "the investigators were chary of mentioning names or even of voicing suspicions that men even higher in the government service may be involved. It was hinted, however, that the arrests and the suspension would not stop with the four now under charges." But a subsequent special dispatch to the New York *World* goes further, quoting Chief Irey as saying that the whole Narcotic Division may be investigated by Congress, and 200 government officials arrested.

Already, as the Washington Evening *Star* remarks, "violators of the narcotic laws have a big majority over bootleggers in the Federal prisons," and

"Figures issued to-day by the Department of Justice showed

ANOTHER RODEO IN TOWN

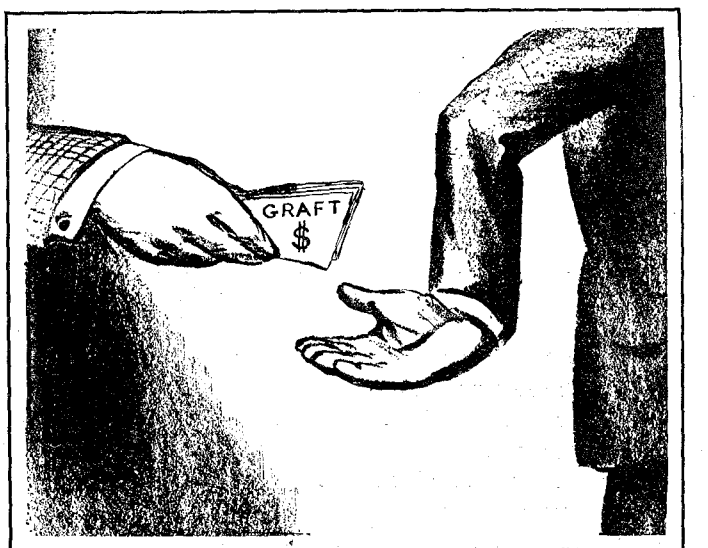
—Shoemaker in the Chicago *Daily News*.

that June 30 the number of Harrison Narcotic Act prisoners in Atlanta penitentiary was 1,046 or 32.1 per cent of all convicts there. There were only 437 violators of the revenue and Prohibition laws combined, or 13.5 per cent.

"Comparative statistics for Leavenworth and McNeil Island were not available, but they were said to be somewhat similar.

"For the fiscal year 1924 only twenty-seven revenue and Prohibition prisoners were sent to Atlanta, but in 1925 the figure jumped to 399. Narcotic law offenders confined in the fiscal year 1924 were 610, and in 1925 they numbered 782.

"For the first year of national Prohibition the ratio of revenue and dry act prisoners in Atlanta to all others was 11.1 per cent., the total being 173, while drug convicts numbered 322 or 21.3 per cent. of all prisoners."



ANOTHER NATIONAL PASTIME

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* sees a resemblance between violation of the narcotic laws and violation of the Volstead Law:

"Disrespect for law, lawlessness and grafting go hand in hand with Prohibition. This is the fruit of experience in prohibition of both liquor and narcotics. The temptations to graft are too great for many of the men who accept places in the Prohibition forces. The extent of grafting operations is not known to the public, because the policy of the Prohibition enforcement authorities is to discharge, not expose and prosecute guilty officers and agents for 'the good of the cause.'

"These evils are inherent in the whole scheme of Prohibition and sumptuary legislation. History has proved it, and our experience in the face of historical evidence emphasizes it. It is impossible to control the personal habits and appetites of men by law. Men can not be made good by law. The only province of law is to protect the rights of men and forbid infringement of these rights. When the laws go beyond this they promote lawlessness and graft. Moral suasion is the only remedy for personal weakness and demoralizing habits and appetites."

The Chicago *Daily News* demands redoubled efforts at enforcement, and hopes "all persons proved to be illicit distributors" will be "severely punished." To that end the Chicago *Tribune* would have enforcement officers chosen with more care:

"The virtual certainty of punishment in the United States courts may have had something to do with keeping many of the government agents straight, but in the main the thing which keeps a man straight is character. There ought to be some means of testing character before applicants for office are given jobs."

There are "18,000 avowed drug addicts in Chicago," the Troy (N. Y.) *Record* learns, and the editor remarks, that "there must be an honest and unhesitating campaign carried on for a term of years, if this plague is to be eradicated from our cities," tho, as the Camden (N. J.) *Courier* observes, raids on opium dens "are tough for addicts, whose supply is suddenly cut off." The New Jersey paper continues:

"There are some people who would say, 'Well, let 'em suffer.' We prefer a more humane view.

"Truth is, the Government has not only failed to suppress this evil traffic, it has helped it grow by exaggerated and misdirected efforts at restriction. Our drug laws, like our liquor laws, encourage bootlegging, hamper proper uses, and make it possible for lawless purveyors to destroy the souls and wreck the lives of weak-willed persons tempted by the adventure of lawlessness.

"These miserable wrecks of humanity can in justice demand that the public foot the bills for their cure, where cure is possible."

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DO EMPLOYERS STILL BELIEVE IN PROHIBITION?

A DRINKER WHEN IN EUROPE, BUT "thinking so much of the Constitution" that he "lives up to the Eighteenth Amendment" when at home, a young New Yorker recently challenged *The Manufacturers' Record* to question the prominent business men, professional men and educators whose views favoring Prohibition were set forth in the Baltimore periodical three years ago, and discover if they had not changed their minds since then. In his letter to the editor, he said: "I have noticed during the past several months an increasingly large number of voices in the public prints telling of the failure of Prohibition. I know no one among my friends here in New York who feels the same way toward the Eighteenth Amendment as I do, and it seems to me that in other parts of the country there is becoming more and more a decided disregard of Prohibition." He does not believe "that all the men who were asked three years ago for an expression of opinion were liars and hypocrites," but he called for "another survey of these same business executives asking them if they still believe the Eighteenth Amendment to be worth while; whether or not they believe the good accomplished among the poorer classes has been outweighed by the heavy drinking on the part of the well-to-do classes and the disregard of law among all classes." His challenge was accepted, and *The Manufacturers' Record* now tells us:

"Out of considerably more than 100 letters so far received, only three express any change of views on the Prohibition question.

"Running through many of these letters is the thought that the only people who are really violating the law to any large extent are men and women of supposed respectability and of social standing. The laboring man rejoices in the results which have been achieved. The testimony of the employers of hundreds of thousands of working people is absolutely unanimous on this point.

Reviewing the replies received, *The Manufacturers' Record* tells us:

"Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the Board, United States Steel Corporation, New York City, said: 'I am more and more satisfied that the Prohibition legislation should have been passed, and that it should be more rigidly imposed.'

"President J. E. Edgerton of the National Association of Manufacturers, wrote: 'The abnormal lawlessness of the present time can not reasonably be attributed to Prohibition, for since the World War there has been manifestly a general revolt against constituted authority in every field of organized activity. My own opinion is that, except for Prohibition, the situation in that respect would be infinitely worse. The proof is yet lacking that a "blind tiger" is more dangerous than one with two good eyes.'

"Former Governor of Massachusetts Eugene N. Foss, president of the B F. Sturtevant Company, Inc., Boston, said: 'Personally, I do not believe that the country will take any backward step on the question of Prohibition, but we shall find that the law will be more respected as time progresses. When one considers how long the drinking habit has prevailed, the wonder is that the enforcement has been as efficient as it has thus far proven.'

Meanwhile, R. H. Scott, president of the Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Michigan, is convinced that "the return of public drinking-places would make the motor-car a menace on the highways and would stop the sale, to a large extent, of the cheaper cars. as the money would be spent over the bar." The array of testimonies runs on:

"I believe to any fair-minded person it would be a self-evident fact that train operation could not be made safe if employees were permitted to use intoxicating beverages.—Charles Donnelly, president of the Northern Pacific Railway Co., St. Paul, Minneapolis.

"I believe that in our efforts toward sobriety on the part of employees we have been greatly aided by the national Prohibition laws.—Carl R. Gray, president of the Union Pacific System, Omaha, Nebraska.

"I am still firmly of the belief that Prohibition as fixt by the Eighteenth Amendment was an epochal step for American welfare.—J. P. Reeves, treasurer, Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railway Co., Chicago.

"The Prohibition laws should be vigorously enforced; they should no more be relaxed than should the laws against murder and robbery.—Joseph W. Marsh, president of the Standard Underground Cable Co., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

"As an employer I know it is a great benefit to the laboring class—our welfare workers are strongly in favor of the law, largely on account of the benefit to the working class.—Otis N. Pierce, president of the Grinnell Manufacturing Corp., New Bedford, Massachusetts."

Imprest by this "long and imposing list of replies," the Birmingham (Ala.) *Age-Herald* feels that "the almost complete unanimity of advocacy of Prohibition should serve to offset some of the studied contrary propaganda," and the New York *Times*, assures us that the writers' faith in Prohibition "is due to nothing but what they themselves have seen of its effects"; but *The Ohio State Journal* remarks that we don't know what these gentlemen's "sentiment on this great question would be if General Andrews should ever succeed in fixing things so that the captains of industry couldn't get anything themselves." Moreover, Capt. W. H. Stayton, national chairman of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, tells the Baltimore *Sun* that "in the first survey made by *The Record* the questionnaires were addrest almost exclusively to persons who had signed a petition to Congress, urging enactment of the Prohibition law." Reading on—

"'There is not an open-minded one in the lot,' he said, 'and it is not to be expected that they would admit prejudice and recant at this time. They are the type that three years ago looked at a tree and declared it to be red—to-day it still is red to them.'

"Captain Stayton criticized in particular what he called an attempt of the survey to represent labor as being highly satisfied with Prohibition. He termed as 'grossly unfair' the effort to get labor's views on the question by going to employers instead of the working-men themselves.

"'If *The Manufacturers' Record* wanted labor's views, why didn't it go to the laborers?' he asked. 'Why did it go to capitalists?

"'E. H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation and one of those listed among the supporters of Prohibition, has said that he favors Prohibition because it promotes the ability and disposition of his men to work. That is what the manufacturer wants—more work. But is he interested in the man's happiness?'

"Captain Stayton declared there was a growing feeling among laboring men that whether or not they wanted their beer it was their belief that their employers had loaded their cellars and thus were fortified against the beverage drought. He said he believed this sort of feeling to be far more dangerous than Prohibition."

The Association Against the Prohibitional Amendment has published lists of numerous employers of labor who have joined it, and among the names we find those of R. L. Agassiz, president of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company; Wm. G. Barrett, president of the Adams Express Company; Eldridge R. Johnson, president of the Victor Talking Machine Company; E. R. Crawford, president of the McKeesport Tin Plate Company; William B. Schiller, president of the National Tube Company (United States Steel Corporation); J. T. Dorrance, president of the Campbell's Soup Company; George A. Fuller, president of the Fuller Construction Company; D. C. Jackling, president of the Butte and Superior Mining Company; William H. Todd, president of the Todd Dry Dock Construction Corporation; Philip T. Dodge, president of the International Paper Company; James M. Buick, president of the American Car and Foundry Company; General W W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company; and Edward G. Acheson, president of the Acheson Corporation, and many other enterprises.

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

WHO will invent a self-parking car?—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

THE only successful substitute for brains is silence.—*Eau Claire (Wis.) Leader.*

THE Chinese are growing so presumptuous that they want China.—*Louisville Times.*

THE most pressing disarmament conference is the one needed in Chicago.—*Cleveland Times.*

IN the interest of the pedestrian, carry your spare balloon tires on the front bumper.—*Wall Street Journal.*

A SURVEYOR is wondering what becomes of the portion of road which is worn away by motor-cars. Apparently he's never seen the average pedestrian brushing his clothes.—*Punch.*

"ITALY will ask sliding scale on debt to U. S." France must have had one, and slid clear off.—*Chicago Tribune.*

IT is worth noting that men from the Pacific Coast States are seldom made Ambassadors to Japan.—*Chicago Daily News.*

IT'S a darned lucky thing for the linen-closet that the Klan didn't decide to hold that parade on wash-day.—*Washington Post.*

THE fool and his money are soon parted. If only nature would arrange a similar alienation of the fool and his car.—*Birmingham Reporter.*

UNCLE SAM'S exports to Mexico show a healthy increase of $15,000,000, the exact number of cases of cartridges, however, not being stated.—*Washington Post.*

THE Baptist conservatives probably think that when it comes to sticking by the immersion doctrine, they have the best way to soak the liberals.—*Manila Bulletin.*

MR. DEMPSEY announces that he will fight Wills in a year, by which time both sides to the dispute may have calmed down.—*Detroit News.*

THE latest definition of a genuine old-fashioned girl is one who plays Ma Jongg and works cross-word puzzles.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

CONSCIENCE is a very valuable asset for a Congressman. The more he has of it, the more he gets paid for stifling it.—*Kern County Union Labor Journal.*

THE man who used to shed tears of sympathy for the desolated bartenders of this land has lived and learned. Now and then one of them gives him a lift in a limousine.—*New York Evening Post.*

THE falling-off in the number of marriages in America is due perhaps to the fears of young men as to whether they can afford to divorce their wives in the manner to which they are accustomed.—*Punch.*

MR. BUCKNER announces that hereafter no attempt will be made to prosecute persons carrying flasks to private social gatherings. Now is the time when all good men will cheerfully come to the aid of the party.—*Life.*

WE have our moments of depression when we wish the most effective step ever taken to enforce Prohibition would be taken, instead of being just about to be taken, according to the paper, every day.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

OUR NATIONAL WEEK-END SPREE

—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch.*

GINGER-ALE was once a beverage. Now it's a vehicle.—*Cleveland Times.*

UNCLE SAM could get rid of his $2 bills easily by offering them at $1.98.—*Toledo Blade.*

IF our coal industry has foresight, the nation will have anthracite.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THE only utterly efficient uplifters are those who work on prices.—*Kern County Union Labor Journal.*

ABOUT the only thing that can be said in favor of the housefly is that he screens well.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

MILLIONS have changed hands during the Rockaway real-estate boom, but we have been unable to confirm the wild report that this involves $7.50 in real money.—*The New Yorker.*

IT is said that the first thing a pickpocket has to learn is not to fritter away his time on married men.—*Louisville Times.*

IF printing crime news encourages crime, perhaps we should quit printing earthquake news, too.—*Kansas City Star.*

ONE alternative to accepting Mr. Ford's offer for our ships would have been to create a sinking fund.—*Providence Journal.*

THE part of an auto that causes more accidents than any other is the nut that holds the steering-wheel.—*Lineville (Ala.) Headlight.*

As we size up this fundamentalist movement, it means the teaching in the public schools of readin', 'ritin', 'rithmetic and revelation.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

IF you ran a hotel in which three or four of your guests had commandeered the best rooms and refused to pay rent, that would be extraterritoriality.—*Detroit News.*

ONCE upon a time a criminal lawyer was supposed to know the law. Now he has only to think up some new disease.—*Indianapolis Star.*

THIS is one of the times when any lamb in the Street is likely to become a mere chop before he can wink his anxious eye.—*New York Evening Post.*

WE do not share in the wide-spread prejudice against the two-dollar bill. It is our experience that it will buy an honest dollar's worth of goods almost any time.—*The New Yorker.*

THE United States, according to latest statistics, has over half of all the telephones. It is probably only a coincidence that it also leads the world in nervous disorders.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

IT must be very disheartening to be a great Power doing its altruistic best to uplift wild mountaineers in Morocco to discover the latter are already enlightened in the matter of marksmanship.—*Detroit News.*

CHICAGO is reported to be nearing the three-million mark—in spite, it seems, of all the gangsters can do.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.* New gunmen going in to share in the big harvest.—*Jacksonville Florida Times-Union.*

THERE is a great deal of talk among Filipinos in the Philippines of independence from the United States. What interests us is how we shall ever manage to regain our independence from the Filipinos.—*New York Evening Post.*

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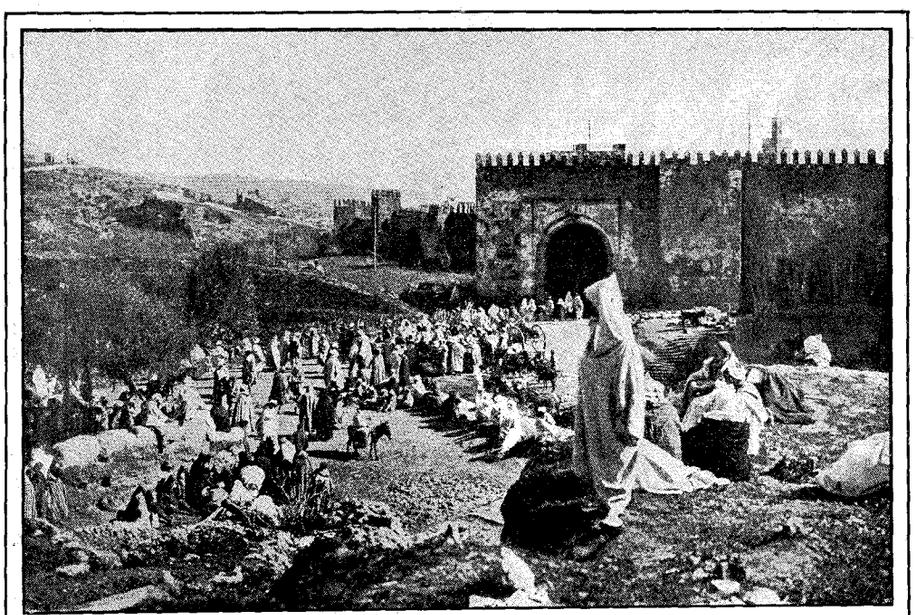
FOREIGN - COMMENT

WHAT THE MADRID CONFERENCE DID FOR MOROCCO

"I ESTIMATE THAT in two months the Morocco affair will be settled," said Gen. Primo de Rivera, Spain's Military Dictator, as he was about to start for Algeciras at the close of the Madrid Conference. To press representatives he announced further that "Spain now will make a coordinated military effort and not a separate one," and this will be "very advantageous for her." Meanwhile some French observers attribute the symptoms of demoralization in the auxiliary forces of the Riff leader, Abd-el-Krim, and even perhaps in his regular forces, to the Franco-Spanish cooperation. Paris press dispatches relate that an entire army corps and an additional infantry brigade were thrown into action by the French between the Fez and Taza sectors on the Moroccan battle-front, in order to sweep enemies from the entire region, whence they have been threatening railroad communications during two months. In Spanish Morocco, Melilla press dispatches report a new Primo de Rivera line as becoming almost impregnable against attack, and we are told that:



From *L'Illustrazione Italiana* (Milan)

WHERE ABD-EL-KRIM COULD NOT PASS

The battlemented wall and the Bruciato Gate of Fez, the capital of Morocco.

"It has shell-proof entrenchments, protected by land mines, barbed-wire entanglements, and is manned by regulars and native troops equipped with the most modern means of warfare, including powerful searchlights. Even watering-places have been fortified to prevent the rebels from interfering with the water supply of the Spanish forces."

As to what France and Spain actually agreed upon at the conference, we find the official report summarized in the Paris *L'Europe Nouvelle* by Marcel Ray, as follows:

"1. The two Governments accept the principle of cooperation in Morocco.

"2. The surveillance of the land and water fronts of the rebel zone will isolate the Riffians, cut off their supplies, and the roads used by their agents.

"3. Efficacious measures have been thought out, in strict accord with international conventions, to assure the neutrality of Tangier territory, which up to the present has been the headquarters and diplomatic center of the rebellion.

"4. France and Spain agree to conclude no separate peace with the rebel tribes, and also to enter upon no negotiations except at the request of the rebels. The two Governments have outlined between them the conditions of peace they are ready to allow, but these naturally remain a secret. However, they have no reason for concealing the fact that these conditions have, as their base, absolute respect for the international treaties now in force.

"5. Each of the two Governments accords to the other the right of carrying out military, naval, and aerial operations in its zone.

"6. The Spanish Directorate, whose Morocco policy is well known, in conformity with this policy, will limit its cooperative effort to operations that shall be undertaken by the French command.

"7. Spain and France have come to agreement on a provisional *modus vivendi* on the subject of the tracing of the boundaries between the two zones, as the final lines will not be fixt until after peace has been reestablished."

Turning to the Spanish press we find the Madrid *A. B. C.* saying that, "the net result of the conference shows how the two countries expect to establish peace in Morocco, and, having pledged our faith, we must punish the rebels and occupy new sectors before talking of peace." But the Madrid *Liberal* warns the Directorate against an extension of operations, which may bring new disaster to the Spanish forces, and it proceeds:

"Tho compelled to maintain a strict and inevitable vigilance, owing to previous international agreements, we must by all means avoid becoming entangled in the adventures of a new protectorate system, different from the one we have, as Spain's honor is at stake."

On the other hand, it adds that "certain accords reached by the conference entitle us to expect a prompt ending of the mutual suspicion and undisguised hatred which, for so long, divided and still divide the two countries in North Africa."

As to the oft-rumored activities of the Bolsheviks in northern Africa, General Jordana, who presided over the Madrid Conference, gave to the press the following significant declarations:

"Bolshevism is spreading rapidly in Morocco under the cover of pan-Islamism. Only a united front can save Europe from unprecedented disaster. The conference has brought a complete accord with France. If either country had failed in the task, the consequences would have been inconceivably harmful."

The danger of Bolshevism spreading in Africa, impels the Madrid *Epoca* to say:

"All Europe should help France and Spain in their present plight. If they fail, all other countries will share an immense responsibility, since the common enemy will avail himself of an hour of uncertainty and try to uproot modern civilization. All

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peace-loving countries should combine to prove they will oppose with all their might the disappearance of progress and civilization, which have only been achieved at a tremendous cost."

The importance of recent French moves in Morocco is readily seen, according to a Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, who points out that:

"While for three months Abd-el-Krim was able to decide where and when battles were to be fought, the tables have been turned and now it is General Nallin who picks out points he wishes to attack. Operations north of Ouezzan last week enabled the French and Spanish to operate in close liaison, and the present operation serves not only to deliver the Morocco-Algeria Railroad from enemy raiders, but also to create a diversion to mask further operations.

"There are many rumors afloat that a landing at Alhucemas Bay will be attempted within a few days and that a gigantic offensive along the whole French front also is being prepared. But wherever he falls now, it appears Abd-el-Krim has lost mastery of the operations which were essential to his prestige over the fickle Moroccan tribesmen."

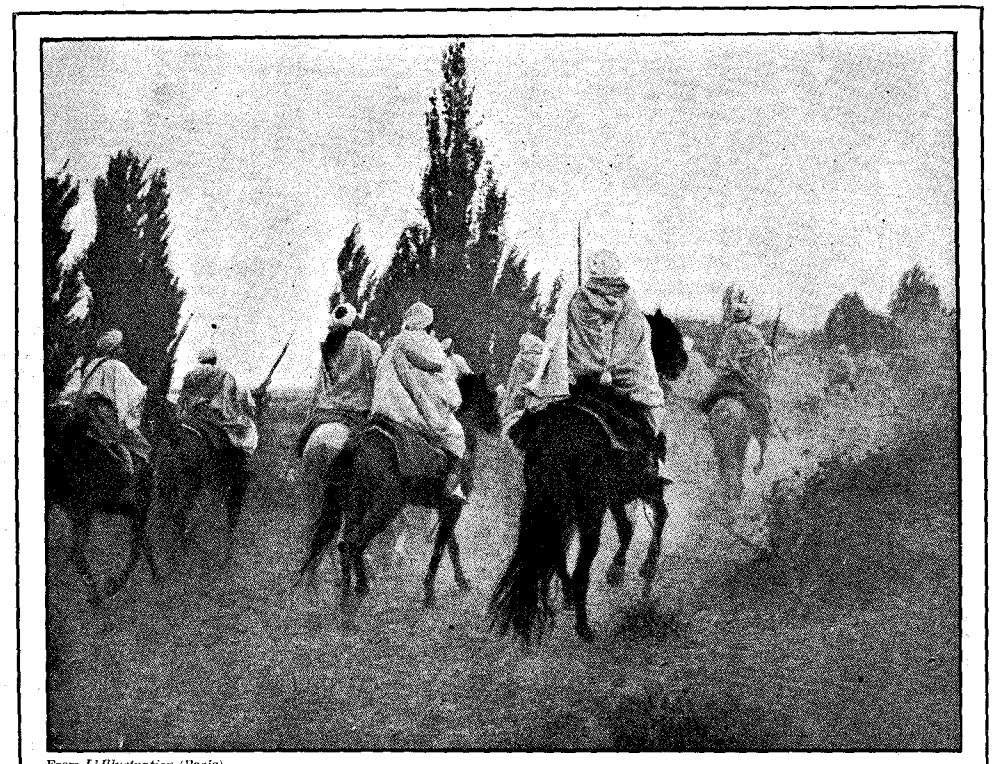
Amidst all this talk of political and military cooperation and strategy, Berlin Associated Press dispatches announce "one of the biggest financial deals since the war" in the sale to an Anglo-American syndicate, the names of whose members are kept secret, of the gigantic interests of the Mannesmann Brothers, in the Spanish zone in Morocco and the Riff territory. The property is described as being vast in extent, including harbor works at Alhucemas and other coastal ports, zinc, sulfur and other mines, and large tracts of agricultural lands. More interesting, according to these Berlin dispatches—

"The motive for the sale is said to be that the Mannesmanns see no prospect of carrying on activities in Morocco without political complications to their detriment ensuing sooner or later, in view of the unsettled condition of the country. Since the war the Mannesmanns have directed their energies to the Balkan States, where they have secured a strong industrial footing, and they intend to concentrate more on the Balkans and the Near East.

"The deal has not yet reached the final stage, and it is expected to run into millions of pounds; the prewar possessions of the Mannesmann firm in Morocco comprised 2,000 mining concessions, with 90,000 hectares of land (about 225,000 acres) and fourteen factories. While those possessions located in the present French zone were automatically liquidated through the Treaty of Versailles, the firm retained their possessions in the Spanish zone, the sale of which is now being arranged.

"The Mannesmanns are generally accepted as semi-official colonizers of the former German Government, and as such have been held in some quarters as responsible for having precipitated the Moroccan conflict. Before and during the war their headquarters was established in the German Colonial Office, from which they carried on pro-German propaganda."

Despite reported secrecy, Paris dispatches report that Otto H. Kahn is the head of the Anglo-American group of financiers, who are negotiating for the interests of the Mannesmann Brothers in Morocco. A New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent writes from Berlin that the sale "marks the end of Germany's dream of becoming a great Power in Africa, and signifies the close of the policy opening with the Agadir incident, which almost antedated the outbreak of the World War.



From *L'Illustration* (Paris)

WRAITHS BEARING DEATH

Moroccan native troops, loyal to the French, setting out for the firing-line.

THE LEAGUE'S "NEED" OF GERMANY

THE LEAGUE NEEDS GERMANY as much, if not more, than Germany needs the League, we are told by some who have been examining German criticisms of the League. But a distinguished member of the German Democratic party, Dr. Bonn, is quoted as saying in a speech in England that Germany can hardly be blamed for fighting shy of the League of Nations, because so many of the decisions made at Geneva have been made against her. The Manchester *Guardian* replies:

"We can not agree with his conclusion. Germany, as much in her own interests as in those of the world at large, should have applied for membership of the League in time for the coming meeting of the Assembly. That she should lack enthusiasm for an institution that was founded by the same treaty in which her own defeat was underlined is natural. But resentment against what was done at Versailles in an atmosphere happily now dead should not blind German statesmen to the very much more healthy things which have been and are being done in a very different atmosphere at Geneva. There the hope of peace between nations has its capital."

A London *Daily News* correspondent, H. Wilson Harris, who has lately visited in Berlin, tells us that Germany's objection to entering the League, is chiefly based on Article 16, and he adds that every one he spoke to, of whatever position, and whatever party, practically without exception, raised at once the question of Article 16. It will be recalled that the main idea of Article 16 of the League Covenant reads, that "should any member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants, it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all the other members of the League." It is further provided that "it shall be the duty of the Council in such a case to recommend to the several Governments concerned what effective military, naval, or air force the members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the Covenants of the League." This contributor to *The Daily News* tells us that the extreme German argument on this point is: "Under Article 16 we might be called on to allow our worst enemies, the French, to pass through our territory in order to assist our worst enemies, the Poles, against a Russia, whom we may not love, but with whom, at any rate, we do not want to be embroiled."

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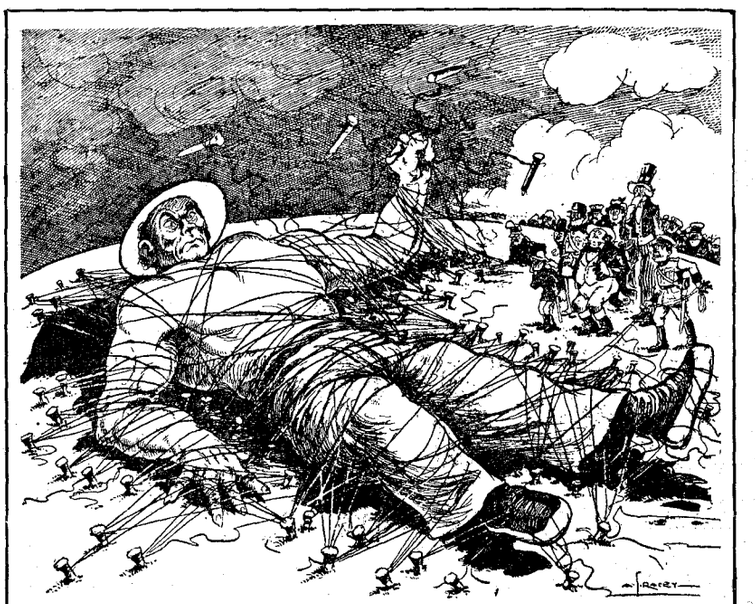
TWO CHINESE ON CHINA'S GRIEVANCES

OLD AND UNFAIR TREATIES form the basis of China's relations with other nations, allege certain Chinese, and the unfortunate happenings at Shanghai would only be matters for profound regret if they were not entangled with the attitude of the foreign Powers toward China. Such is the statement made in the Paris *L'Europe Nouvelle* by two eminent Chinese, namely Tsai Yuen Pei, former Minister of Education and rector of the University of Peking, and Dr. Wang Chung Hui, former president of the Cabinet. The treaties so much complained of, these authorities tell us, were contracted by the former Manchu Government at the time the Chinese people had no rights and no voice or participation in the country's affairs. As a result, it is charged, the dignity and interests of China were more or less spoliated by brutal, material force, and we read:



THE GIANT AND THE LILLIPUTIANS

"Is the world's giant awakening at last?"

—*The Daily Star* (Montreal).

"The future of China is paralyzed by these treaties, the letter and spirit of which belong to another age. Are not the special privileges now enjoyed by foreigners in China exorbitant? Let us cite a few examples: Under the pretense of extraterritoriality, the mixed courts, according to the treaties, should be made up of Chinese judges and foreign assistant counsellors. But as a matter of fact, the foreigner has become the real judge, and the court at the same time has arrogated to itself a competence without legal foundation. Under the same pretext, foreign appellants do not pay any tax to the Chinese State. In the concessions our compatriots pay municipal taxes, but they have no vote in the municipality, not even to know for what purpose the taxes are used. The foreigners have got all these privileges for themselves in an irregular fashion, and even in violation of the treaties.

"We no longer have even our customs liberty, but only a uniform tariff of 5 per cent. *ad valorem*, which, according to the Conference of Washington in 1921, was raised to 7½ per cent. This uniform duty imposed on China constitutes an economic strangulation of the country. This treaty makes no difference between articles whose material is of prime necessity and articles of luxury. The very basis of valuation is neither in conformity nor in harmony with the present real value of the merchandise."

Meanwhile, it is recalled that for almost a century, and especially during the past twenty-five years, during which periods China came in contact with Western civilization and necessarily followed the great law of human evolution, a general intellectual awakening manifested itself in all strata of the Chinese nation. It is further asserted that an enlightened patriotism was born in all the brains and all the hearts composing the mighty Chinese nation of four hundred millions. We are told that this movement toward modern progress can not be overlooked by any one who considers it honestly and sincerely. China has started and her progress forward can not be stopt, wherefore it is urged that good note be taken of this fact, and especially of how important it is to know it for the well-being of everybody in the future. These Chinese authorities go on to say:

"At the time of the European War, from 1914 to 1918, despite countless difficulties and led solely by the impulse of sentiments of right and of justice, China ranked herself at the side of the Allies, and at the side of France. The most cruel of deceptions for the Chinese nation followed. All the victorious nations beheld their rights restored, or repaired. France recovered Alsace-Lorraine, Poland regained her full and entire liberty, etc.; but as far as China was concerned, they wanted to rob her of Shantung.

"This was the last shock to open the eyes of the whole Chinese people, and to make them understand that they could not sleep in a too altruistic confidence. Everybody knows what indignation rose in all Chinese hearts at the time and how much this fact did to stimulate the awakening feeling of national dignity. The Chinese nation did not cease protesting against the disrespect of its legitimate rights as compared with the treatment of those of all other civilized peoples of the world, right up to the time of the Washington Conference. At Washington China obtained a parsimonious restoration of some of her rights, but not enough to satisfy Chinese aspirations."

The present movement in China, which runs like a powder-train throughout the country, it is said, and which "arose from the unjustifiable attitude of the English police in the International Concession of Shanghai," is only the outbreak of all China's disillusion, and the revolt against so many injustices committed against the Chinese nation. The trouble at Shanghai is only a deplorable incident, and not the essential cause of the general discontent, these Chinese reiterate, and they state further:

"What we want and what we claim unanimously and vehemently, is the spirit of justice and fairness for China. China asks that her relations with the other foreign Powers be founded upon a basis of equality of States and developed along strictly peaceful lines. The present movement is not an anti-foreign one, as some would have it believed to be. Far from that, it is a manifestation having solely in view the inalienable rights of the Chinese nation, according to the laws of justice and of liberty."

Until now, it is further alleged, the foreign Powers have always dealt with China along the lines of outworn and routine diplomatic methods. But they are cautioned to take note of the fact that a change has come over the Chinese, that a new situation and new men demand new methods and a diplomatic procedure rejuvenated if not renovated. Then it is pointed out that:

"The present rising of the Chinese intelligentsia is backed by the whole nation in a single and united front, and this is a patent proof of the immediate necessity of the case. It is not a party in effervescence, as some venture to declare. Nor is it a minority that exploits the Shanghai incident as a political means, because all the Chinese parties are unanimous in supporting it. China loves peace deeply. What is needed quickly, and what is the only logical, honest, and efficacious remedy is the immediate and impartial readjustment of the political, economic, and diplomatic relations between the foreign Powers and China, on a friendly and solid base of justice and equity. This, not only for the solution of the present incident at Shanghai, but also for all future solutions and to avoid all misunderstandings in days to come."

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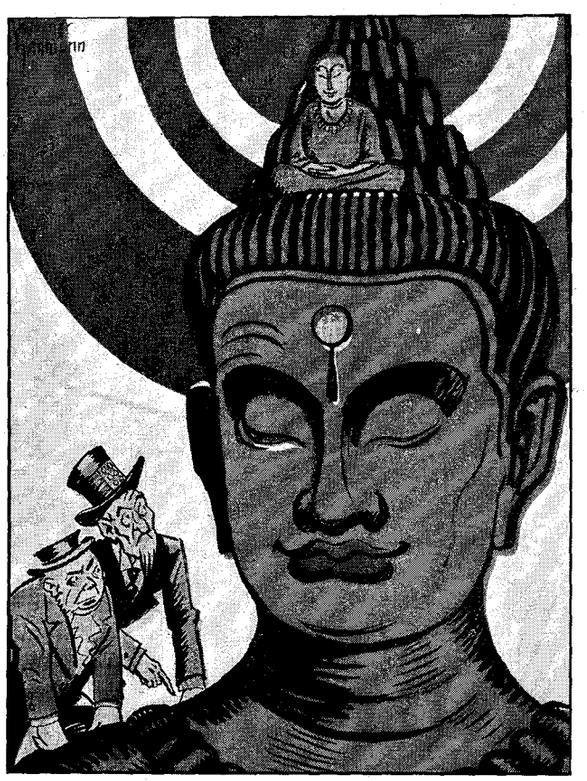
WHY THE ORIENT SHOULD EXCLUDE THE WEST

AMERICA IS RIGHT, not only on economic grounds but racially, morally, and in every other way to insist on the exclusion of Oriental races, it is granted, for the sake of argument, by a Hawaiian-Japanese newspaper. But, by way of reprisal, it would have the Orient practise exclusion of Western nations. This journal, the Hawaii *Hochi*, concedes that every nation has the right to protect its inhabitants from the economic competition of other nationals within its borders, and to safeguard its people from the danger of race contamination caused by contact with those of a totally dissimilar racial stock. But, it asks:

"Are not the arguments just as forceful when applied by the people of Asia to the foreigners who seek admission to their countries? Is it not true that the nations of Asia are just as much endangered by the encroachments of foreign capital as the West is endangered by Oriental labor? And is it not just as important for the Japanese and the Chinese to keep their blood pure from the contaminating influence of the white races? Surely, it is a poor rule that does not work both ways!

"Instead of protesting against the action of the United States in barring Orientals, would it not be a wiser policy for the nations of the Orient to adopt the same policy and apply it to those of the white race and to the nationals of those countries from which the Orientals are excluded? This would merely be a dose of their own medicine, and there could be no valid objections raised. It would be an application of the principle of reciprocity, and a slightly modified interpretation of the Golden Rule, 'Do unto others as they do unto you!'"

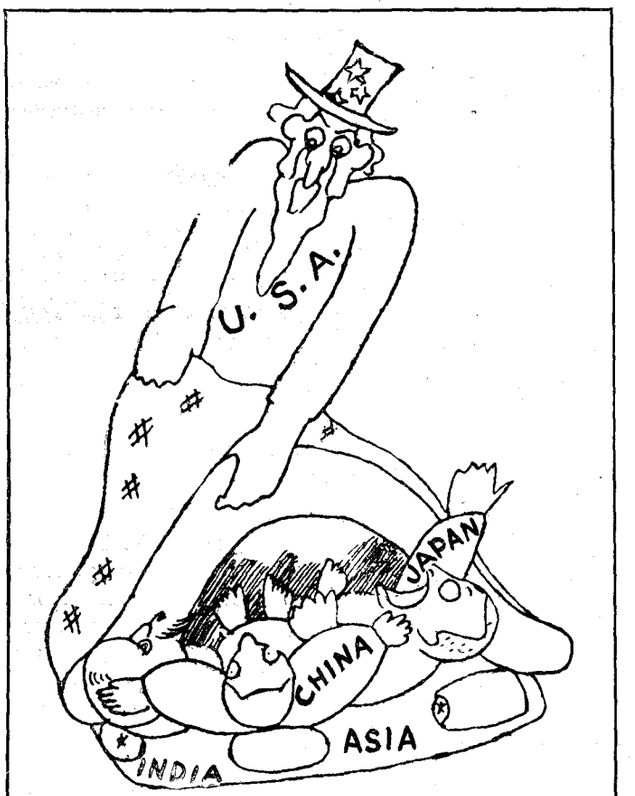


A GERMAN JIBE

JOHN BULL AND UNCLE SAM: "Is it possible that Asia is at last awakening from its long sleep?" —*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

That would mean, according to this newspaper, the adoption of a slogan, "Asia for Asiatics," which would match the phrase "America for the Americans," so often used to justify exclusion by the United States. It would mean, we are further reminded, the closing of the open door in China and Japan, the abrogation of most of the existing treaties, the abolition of extraterritoriality, and the taking over of all foreign concessions in Asia. It would mean a new policy throughout the East, says the *Hochi*, by which the foreigner would be obliged to relinquish his hold upon the resources of Asiatic countries, and abandon his program of exploitation. We read then:

"But would it not be better for the East if she would cut herself loose from the chains with which the Western nations



A JAPANESE WARNING

America's exclusion legislation, according to the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi* cartoonist, may arouse not only Japan, but other Asiatic peoples. The cartoonist shows Uncle Sam pulling the covers off Japan, and says: "Awakening one may mean awakening his bed-fellows." This refers to India and China.

hold her in subjection? For that is what the present condition amounts to. Even Japan, proud of her progress and her modernism, is tied by a hundred different influences to her imperialistic associates in the West. And in such alliance Japan is bound to become merely a catspaw to draw foreign chestnuts out of the fire. This is illustrated in the present situation in China.

"Japan's place in the Orient is that of the sentinel of Asia. Her language, her customs, her culture link her in closest bonds of common interest with the people of China and the Asiatic countries. If she abandons her brothers of the Orient to seek questionable friendships and alliances with non-Asiatic Powers, she has only herself to blame if she is regarded as a renegade to those of her own racial stock. And in the end she will be ground between the millstones—used as a tool by foreign Powers, she will be broken against the granite wall of a united and militant Asia."

If the present mass movement in China means anything at all, says the *Hochi* gravely, it means that the world stands at the threshold of a new era. For Japan it is the parting of the ways, and we read further:

"If she throws in her lot with the nations of the West she will lose forever her prestige in the Orient, while if she takes her stand as the champion of Asia she will have at her back a half billion of people, and will easily become the dominant Power in the Turanian ascendency that is dawning in the East.

"Will Japan continue to bow her head humbly at the gates of America, begging admission, or will she take her stand as the outpost of Asia in the Pacific, and, with raised hand, cry to the nations that are clamoring at the doors of China: 'You shall Not Pass!'"

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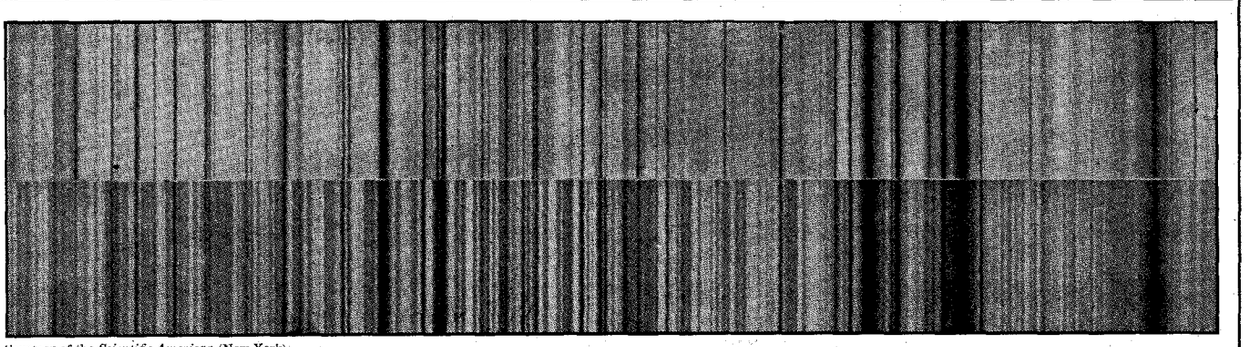
SCIENCE ▾ AND ▾ INVENTION



Courtesy of the *Scientific American* (New York)

HOW THE SPECTROSCOPE GIVES US NEWS OF THE STARS

The dark lines on these two spectra, placed together for comparison, indicate the atoms that exist in vapors through which the light has passed. By a spectroscopic analysis of their light we learn what elements enter into the composition of the most distant stars.

IS MATTER INDESTRUCTIBLE?

IN THE TEXT-BOOKS of our boyhood we were told that the permanence of matter was its chief characteristic. When a substance seemed to disappear—to be burned up or dissolved—precisely the same weight of another substance was always formed, so that the sum total of substance always remained the same. Later it was believed that energy also was indestructible. These two laws, stated separately, are now doubted, but taken together they still hold. Matter may be turned into energy and energy into matter; but their sum remains constant. In fact, matter, as a separate entity, disappears and becomes only energy of a special kind. These curious conclusions are stated and discust by Sir Oliver Lodge, in a paper on "Matter, Ether and Energy," contributed to *The Scientific American*. Writes Sir Oliver:

"Electrons and protons are the building stones of which matter is made. Electrons are evidently composed of ether, because they are electric charges and nothing else.

"We can not make a similar statement about a proton, because we do not know enough. We know that an electron has mass represented by its energy. We also know that a moving electron is more massive than one at rest, and that as its speed increases its mass and energy slowly increase also. Matter is turning out to be one of the forms which ethereal energy can take—a very curious and permanent form, not easily changed into other forms.

"At least not the whole of it is easily changed. The part of it which can be easily changed is the extra mass acquired by a moving electron. This extra mass behaves like additional matter, but not like permanent matter. When a moving electron is stopt, this additional matter disappears. It does not vanish into nothingness; it is changed into radiation. In its best known and simplest form it is an X-ray.

"All radiation is produced by changing the motion of an electron. The electrons circulating round an atom have the peculiar power of dropping from one orbit to another, every now and then, and when they do so they emit energy in the form of radiation.

"The kind of radiation they emit depends on how far they have dropt and where they drop to. If they drop from a long way off they emit ultra-violet radiation or X-rays. If they drop only a little way, they emit infra-red radiation, the waves of which are shorter than those of visible light.

"Each drop nearer to the nucleus corresponds to a line in the spectrum. By analyzing the spectrum the structure of the atom has been made out.

"This process is a reversible one. Not only is radiation emitted; it can also be absorbed. When radiation is absorbed the electron is jerked up again. How far it is jerked up depends on the kind of radiation. All these details can be followed, and are studied, by the great spectroscopic analysts who are now at work."

Photograph from Mount Wilson Observatory

ANOTHER UNIVERSE

This spiral nebula, in the constellation of the Great Bear, may be a great cloud of stars, comparable to the universe of which we are a part. Is its matter being wasted away, or is it being reformed?

What concerns us now, Sir Oliver goes on to assert, is that matter and energy are equivalent. When one disappears, the other makes its appearance. Energy is always protean in form. At one moment it can be mechanical strain, as in a stretched bow; at another moment it is visible motion, as in an arrow. At one moment it is in the form of comprest air or steam; at the next it is the revolution of a fly-wheel. At one moment it is a raised 20-ton weight; at another moment it is the heat and noise when the weight has fallen and crashed. At one moment it is the energy of an electric current, that is of magnetism; at the next it is the motion of a street-car, propelled by that magnetism. At

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one moment it is an electric charge; at another it is the heat and light of a spark. He proceeds:

"So, also, we are now surprizingly able to say that at one moment a portion of energy is matter, mass, inertia, momentum; and that at the next moment it is away traveling in the ether as radiation. We are also able to say that energy which is now radiation can make an electron jump, and thus constitute an electric current, with all its intangible and protean properties.

"Are we able to say that radiation can actually generate matter? We do not know that at present. There are some who think it probable, but all are willing to hesitate and seek the aid of further experiment. The birth of permanent matter would be a great discovery.

"But we can proceed, with some hope of getting an answer, to the converse question: Do an electron and proton ever clash together and obliterate each other in a pulse of radiation? Can matter, as we know it, radiate itself away and cease to be matter, until at some future time perhaps it can be reconstituted?

"We can not answer these questions yet. There are some who think that altho the process does not go on as yet in our laboratories, under the conditions of temperature and pressure there available, yet in the extravagant conditions of pressure and temperature which exist in the stars, the process may be occurring. The radiation of the larger 'giant' stars is tremendous and it goes on for millions of ages without apparent diminution. The sun is rather a small star, but it is known to have been radiating for millions of years, perhaps for thousands of millions. How can we account for all that radiation?

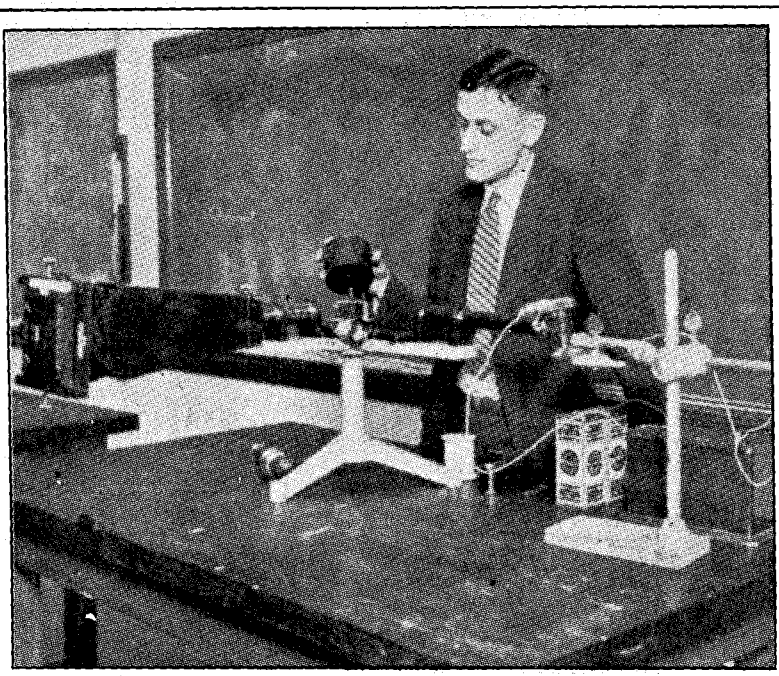
"Astronomers suspect that the very constituents of the atoms in the stars must be falling together. Permanent matter must be disappearing. No one positively asserts, as yet, that it is true. But if it were true, it would account for the energy.

"We can already say pretty definitely that wherever radiation is produced matter disappears. Whether it be only the temporary form of matter represented by the greater mass of a moving electron, or what has hitherto been thought of as the permanent form of matter, is the only question. The amount of radiation leaving the sun is known. The radiation which the earth receives is but a minute fraction of the whole. Exprest as matter, it is about three hundred pounds a minute.

"The sun as a whole is losing four million tons of matter every second! Can the sun stand such a loss without perceptible diminution? Yes, there is no difficulty in supposing that it has been losing mass at much the same rate as now for ten thousand million years. Less than one-tenth of one per cent. of its substance would have been radiated away in that time.

"The antiquity of the solar system is fearful. Life on the earth, in some form or another, has been going on nearly all that time. But not for all that time has there been intelligent life as we know it now. The ages of the earth's past seem to have been a sort of preparation for the life and mind which now is and for the mind which is still to come.

"Depend upon it, nothing is haphazard, things are not left to chance. Everything is amenable to law and order. Everything points to a rational Plan, of which we know neither the beginning nor the end, but toward which we can help. In face of all that, shall we allow ourselves to squabble about trivialities! Or shall we realize that we are the heir of all the ages, that the destiny of mankind is being partly entrusted to us, and that humanity has a potential future beyond our wildest dreams!"



STUDYING ETHER RADIATION WITH THE SPECTROSCOPE

Light from the electric tube at the reader's right is analyzed in the photographic camera at the left.

DO WE LIVE TOO FAST?

BEFORE THE WAR physicians were inclined to answer this question in the affirmative. The great cataclysm has taught us all something; and it has taught the medical profession that man's capacity for action and resistance is greater than we once thought. Octave Uzanne, who treats this matter in the "Men and Things" column of *La Dépêche* (Toulouse) believes that the consensus of medical opinion now favors action for man rather than rest. The "rest-cure" is not heard of, as much as it used to be—the "action-cure" is its successor. Writes Mr. Uzanne:

"We are generally proud of the progress of science. It certainly makes for our well-being and comfort. But individually we are becoming very sensitive to the imperious dictation of certain mechanisms that madly hasten the excessive speed of modern life.

"We complain of repeated calls to the telephone, our sybaritism is exasperated by every regression toward the methods of former times—the stoppage of motors, punctures of tires that force us to go back to the use of our legs, the necessity of going upstairs when the elevator will not work, and many other such daily miseries.

"It is a common feature of modern conversation to rebel against these interruptions in our velvety path; we should like insurance against the failure of all these devices of the easy life.

"Spoiled by superaction, we have forgotten how to be patient and resigned in the presence of the unexpected, which becomes more and more frequent as the multiplicity of organisms devised for our comfort becomes more complex in function.

"Psycho-physiologists often declare that the exhaustion of our nervous strength is leading humanity toward decrepitude. Those who hold this view think that we are living in a way opposed to our actual welfare, and that our ancestors showed more hygienic wisdom by reveling in the joys of slowness and in the happiness of long repose devoted to a life of contemplation.

"But the young have always the strongest reasons and the logic of the impulsive force that drives them forward. Everything living ferments, is agitated, evolves, produces or reproduces, and is animated by innumerable vibrations, if only to assure the flexibility and strength of a state of being created essentially for ceaseless reconstitution by action. 'Excessive living' is a phrase wrongly used, without clear conception of its meaning.

"Physicians before the war designated by this vague term all physical depressions, the troubles of those afflicted with hypertension or neurasthenia. To be charged with it gave one a certain prestige conferring a vision of continued and superhuman effort. To-day our doctors are more reserved in this kind of diagnosis. They have had a chance to measure in the trenches the resisting power of man returned to his primal state. Their doctrines are altering. They make use of *seismotherapy* [earthquake-treatment]; they agitate the individual, they have finally reached the truth, at least relatively.

"Flaubert believed that *savoir-vivre* consisted in the decoration of life's framework with passions or fancies involving illusion. This necessitates continual movement. Let us then be like running water which leaps and foams, aerates itself by rushing along, and glides always toward the infinite distance. All sleep brings death, and we shall keep it in check only by the ardent intensity of vital action."

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HELP FROM THE HOSPITAL FOR THE FAMILY DOCTOR

THE HOSPITAL AS A CENTER of aid and encouragement for all medical practitioners within the sphere of its influence—this is the interesting ideal upheld by Louis J. Frank, superintendent of Beth Israel Hospital, New York, in an article printed in *The Modern Hospital* (Chicago). He tells us that it is shortly to be put into actual practise in his own institution, and that it is hoped in this way to restore the status and influence of the old-fashioned family physician. Such restoration, he believes, is peculiarly the business of the hospital, and involves a special problem that it and it only can solve. He writes:

"I think, that if we should decide on basic definitions, the problem would be much clarified. For whom is a hospital built and equipped? For the sick individual and for no one else. In actual life, however, the patient, for whom this very institution was designed to serve, is least considered in the conduct and management of hospitals.

"In many institutions the staff is chosen because of certain political influences, of family relationships (because the institution needs money), or because of the desire of the men of wealth who are on the hospital directorate or are in close business contact with the men on the board of trustees. Very often the good physician, if he hasn't the proper 'influence' or the financial consideration, can never hope to secure any hospital connection.

"He may be a good surgeon without being able to develop his technique. He may be a good physician who deteriorates to the mediocre, because of lack of practise. The physicians and surgeons who are on the staff see to it that their interests are conserved, that everything is done to increase their practise and prestige, that no appointments are made which may harm them in a financial way. The patient's welfare is secondary or tertiary, but it is seldom primary.

"With the hospital doctor undermining the influence of the family doctor, the latter had to resort to other means to safeguard his own existence and his mode of life. Instead of the hospital and the family doctor working together they were at cross-purposes. The patient who would be sent into a hospital would be forever lost to the family doctor, because the young intern about to graduate 'stole' a case here and there to begin his practise. The patient and the patient's family would become acquainted with the 'professor' and thus with no sinister intention on the part of the hospital, the doctor would be alieniated from the family physician. Discontent, therefore, was bred in the family doctor who was not affiliated with the institution, and, instead of continuing to send his cases there, he either stopt sending them to the hospital, and tried to do what he could for them at their homes, or sent them to distant institutions where it would be difficult for the doctors to form an alliance with the family.

"When this was not found to work, the most natural course was to exact a division of the fee from the doctor to whom the case was sent. This method appeared to solve all of their problems, for they not only got something in return for sending their case to a particular doctor, but that particular kind of doctor made it his business to work with that particular unfortunate family physician, thereby perfecting a scheme of cooperation resulting in the conservation of the interests of the family doctor and the so-called 'professor,' and in using the institution merely as a medium for the execution of the scheme. The interests of the patient were not a consideration.

"The aim of the medical profession, as well as the purpose of the hospital, is to minister to the patient to reduce his period of illness and of convalescence, and to restore him, if possible, to complete health. In order to attain this there must be a closer spirit of cooperation between the family physician and the hospital, and the spirit of antagonism must be eradicated. It is the business of the hospital to see to it that patients recuperate as soon as possible, and that the treatment they receive is the best that can be had.

"In the final analysis, the home is the pre-hospital stage of the patient. If patients are properly attended in their own homes, the need for the hospital will not be so great. It is only as a last resort that patients consent to go to the hospitals.

"So far as the impoverished social status of the patient is concerned, one becomes imprest with the unhealthy state of our social system. When it becomes necessary for an individual to be taken to a hospital not because of the medical benefit that he or she will derive from the institution, but because of the poverty of the home, it is apparent that something is wrong.

"It is the duty of the hospital to put all its facilities, if possible, at the disposal of the sick of the neighborhood. All the reputable physicians of the vicinity should have some connection with the hospital where they should receive post-graduate instruction. I have become imprest with the fact that, in many instances, the young physician who is not connected with the hospital loses much of the knowledge that he possesses, and as the years pass becomes a cynical, commercialized individual, whose only aim is to gain the confidence of his patrons. This matter of 'confidence in my physician,' has ofttimes raised the query in my mind whether the practise of medicine is not, in many instances, a confidence game."

The hospital of the future, we are told, should remedy this defect. Periodic clinics and lectures should be given so that physicians of the vicinity may attend, be carefully instructed and quizzed, and given an opportunity actually to perform manipulations requiring dexterity and technique. It is remarkable, Mr. Frank says, to observe how eager physicians are to gain knowledge, if they have not become too old and too cynical. He continues:

"It is, of course, understood that the hospital should not charge any fees for this clinical and theoretical post-graduate instruction.

"It is much cheaper and much more convenient for the hospital and for the community at large to restore the patient to health in his own home than to transport him to the hospital for examination and treatment. It is, therefore, the part of true wisdom on the side of the hospital to exert all its powers to this end. The following hospital facilities should be placed at the disposal of the competent family physician to aid him in the treatment of his patients in their homes.

"All scientific analyses of whatever nature should be performed by the hospital laboratory staff at the request of the family physician.

"A portable X-ray machine in charge of a trained technician should be at the call of the physician.

"A patient may be sent in by the family physician for a thorough study and diagnosis. He will be examined by all the specialists, and his case will be reviewed by the chief diagnosticians. All the 'findings' will be recorded and sent to the physician for his guidance, with suggestions for therapeusis.

"The family physician should be made to feel that his 'case' will not be stolen from him by the institution or its attending physicians and surgeons. It is part of an ethical bond to return the patient to the out-physician who sent him to the hospital.

"While the patient is in the hospital the family physician will be invited to visit him as often as he desires, to consult with the attending physician as to progress and treatment of the 'case,' and thus watch and learn hospital treatment. In this case, the patient remains his, even during his sojourn in the hospital and will return to him on his discharge from the institution.

"The social welfare worker of the hospital should always, when necessary, be called in by the out-physician. Her work is just as essential as that of the physician in charge. Of all the departments connecting the hospital and home, the social-service bureau is the most important.

"Of what good is it to place an individual in a hospital and expect him to recover from an attack, say, of heart-disease, when his brain is worried and his nerves are on edge all the time as to what is going on at home?

"The hospital should be ready to furnish district nurses who will come and assist the doctor in the poverty-stricken home of his patient.

"We want the hospital to be the health center of its locality, where the physicians and patients will turn in time of distress for assistance, for in spite of what all humorists and would-be humorists say, even in spite of George Bernard Shaw, doctors are engaged in the profession of saving life, of curing disease, and of conserving health. In all hospitals, in all medical schools and institutes, enthusiastic young physicians are working to find something new in the combat against disease, and all hospitals should further such eagerness for knowledge and for research with all means at their disposal, and should spread information obtained to other physicians.

"The hospital should teach the people of the vicinity how to avoid disease, how to prepare food properly, how essential it is to call in the physician as early as possible in case of disease.

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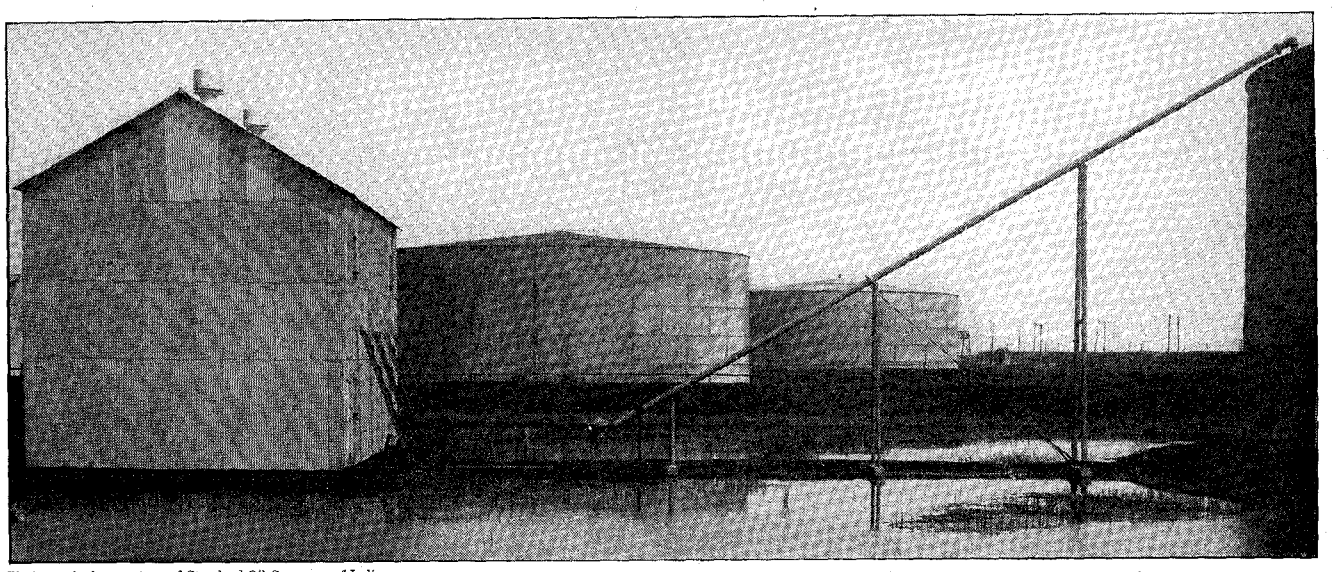


Photographs by courtesy of Standard Oil Company of Indiana

HOW A "BREATHER BAG" FOR GASOLINE IS HOUSED

The galvanized iron structure on the reader's left contains a storage balloon for gasoline vapor with a capacity of 18,000 cubic feet. It receives, through the pipe, the vapor "breathed" from the storage tank on the right, thereby saving about 14,000 gallons of gasoline a month.

People should be periodically examined by their family physicians as a preventive measure against disease. In this way the family doctor would be employed to keep the family well in accordance with the Chinese method, but with this modification, that the doctors would also be paid during illness."

STORAGE BALLOONS TO CONSERVE GASOLINE

"BREATHING LOSSES" of 50,000,000 gallons of gasoline yearly will be checked by the use of balloons to store vapor, it was reported to the American Chemical Society at its recent meeting in Los Angeles. This method was described in a paper prepared by Messrs. Wilson, Atwell, Brown and Chenicek, chemists of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, who asserted that it is the first to prove economically effective in preventing evaporation losses from gasoline stored during winter and spring in anticipation of the tremendous summer demand. They are thus quoted in a press bulletin issued by the society (New York):

"Chemists throughout the industry have been alive to the importance of this problem, but its practical solution has proven very difficult. Considerable improvement has been made by substituting steel for wooden roofs and making them tight enough to keep wind from blowing through, and these improvements have been quite generally made.

"There still remained, however, the 'breathing loss,' amounting to over 3 per cent. a year. This is due to the daily changes in temperature, the heat of the sun during the day expanding the air above the gasoline and vaporizing enough gasoline to expel, through the vent pipe which must be provided, several thousand cubic feet of rich gasoline-saturated air from a modern storage-tank holding around 3,000,000 gallons.

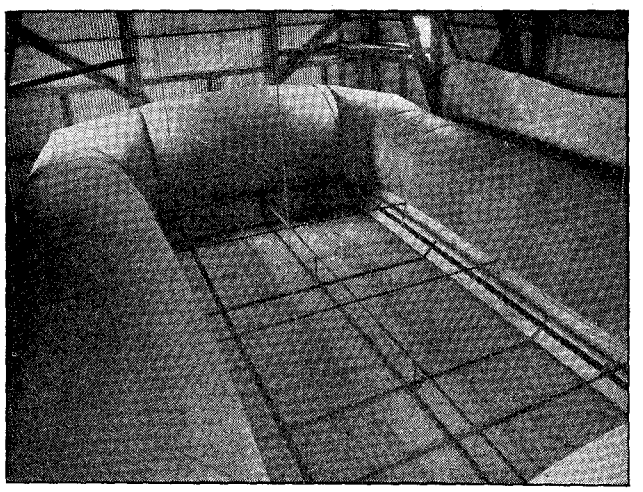
"At night the vapor space cools thirty or forty degrees and sucks back fresh air, which in turn becomes saturated with gasoline and is breathed out the next day. While spraying or insulating the tanks and various other methods have been used to reduce this loss, no satisfactory and economical way of preventing it has been found until now.

"A special gasoline-proof fabric has been developed, and from it have been constructed large balloons or 'breather bags' which are housed in galvanized iron buildings and connected to the vapor space of the storage tank.

"When the gasoline-saturated air in the top of the tank expands it merely goes into the breather bag while the temperature is rising, and is sucked back again when the tank cools off at night, thus preventing any loss. The breather bag is weighted by a special system which keeps the pressure in the top of the tank substantially balanced at all times, preventing losses through small openings which it is hard to eliminate entirely.

"One 18,000-cubic-feet balloon will care for two or more large gasoline storage-tanks, and save about 14,000 gallons of gasoline per month under average weather conditions. Automatic release and intake valves are provided to care for pumping to and from the tank, or exceptionally large 'breaths' beyond the capacity of the balloon."

Two of these balloons have been in use for over two years by the Standard Oil Company of Indiana without, it was said, showing signs of deterioration, and during the past winter and spring over sixty balloons have been installed by that Company to protect all its large gasoline storage-tanks as well as a number of working-tanks. The method, it was declared, will also prevent losses of the gasoline fraction from stored crude oil, and of other volatile liquids, such as benzol. One of the principal problems involved was making a fabric which would be impervious to gasoline vapor. All ordinary gas-tight fabrics, such as rubber, oilcloth, etc., allowed large quantities of gasoline to escape, but the new fabric, made of closely woven cloth impregnated with a mixture consisting largely of gelatin, glycerin, and water, is almost completely impermeable to such vapors. The fabric is flexible, soft and leathery to the touch.



TOP VIEW OF A "BREATHER BAG"

Showing the balloon weight and counter-weight belt.

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GERMAN PACIFIST POETRY

GERMANY HAS A POET who seems to hold the same view cherished by the French about its military athletic organizations. To the French, as was shown in an article in our Foreign Comment of August 15, athletic training in Germany is "a distinct military preparation," and such a view can be read into the poem herewith translated in part. It

NOT SOLDIERS BUT ATHLETES!

They seem like the Imperial Army, tho one would never see golf stockings on a soldier.

protests, says a German correspondent, "against such radical demonstrations by extremists of the Right throughout the Reich as are known as 'Deutscher Tag,' 'Stahlhelm Tag,' 'Frontkämpfer-Tag,'" of which the accompanying photographs give an adequate impression." They were taken at a Frontkämpfer-Tagung in Frankfort in May of this year. The writer, Fritz von Unruh, has long been known among the ranks of "expressionist" writers. He is further set forth in these terms:

"Fritz von Unruh, of noble birth, and formerly a cavalry officer in the Imperial Army, is responsible for quite a lot of literature which the Republican Germany of to-day acclaims. Novelist, poet, dramatist, democrat, pacifist, he stands in the foremost ranks of those in revolt against a resuscitation of militarism, and that which stands for militarism—the war-spirit in Europe. But he is also revolutionary in his style as well as his prosody. His trilogy 'Ein Geschlecht' has had the run of all German theaters, has had much adverse criticism and, likewise, much approval. A hit of the season was his drama, 'Prinz Louis Ferdinand,' which is still filling the coffers of many a run-down theater in the provinces."

Here is the poem in part, printed in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, May 31, 1925. The *Stahlhelm* is a nationalist organization of former soldiers:

AND WHEN THE DAY OF PENTECOST WAS FULLY COME THEY WERE ALL WITH ONE ACCORD IN ONE PLACE! (Acts, 2, 1).

The drum is beating!
Along the streets pushes the "Stahlhelm"
Lieutenants command
the shouldered walking cane!
All the flags of war
do homage to the German Republic!
Mothers whose sons are putrefying
in the graves of honor—
exult in holding up their youngest
living offspring
towards the black tomb
that swallows him.

Hark!
How the old royal marches are piping—
and the drum leads on!
Burgomasters open wide their gates,
gulp the golden wine from golden bumpers,
rejoicing do they clap their bellies,
for ye olde drumme is beating—
Forward, march! . . .

Beat the drum!
When the bombs again are slaying—
wanting will not be the gluttons
who are smiling
whilst the "gallant boys" spear their bodies
on the barbed entanglement wires—
Forward, therefore, forward!
World and Industry must live!
Stamp the sparks out,
rout the light of sacred spirit
from the pulpit, from the tribune—
World and Industry must live,
blot it out!

Fall back there!
Yesteryear's worthy sergeant
gives the pass-word out!
Beat, beat, beat the drum!
Lest from secret camps you hear
Mighty roar of our cripples
whom you banished from the sidewalk. . . .

Far away the drum is dying . . .
and another tune
slowly supersedes it.
Beats and throbs
with the drawing of the breath
in the sudden anxious silence.
And the few that have remained
comprehend not and regard each other—
Mute they ally.
As with old and well-met comrades
hands join hands.
There they stand and hearken
to the good and enigmatic tune
that the beating drum had covered—
hearken to the heart. . . .

Let us line up round the abyss
like a paling!
Fearing not the darts of slander!
Where a single human being
follows the prompting of his heart—
mightier he than all the millions
prowling after gloomy instinct!

Scoff at our little band,
you with the millennium of death
behind you!
Was not gladiator-spirit
overcome by the disciples
and by their tongues' fire-might?
Our lips are fire-pouring—
and the Colosseum
holds no dread for us!
The Spirit—now alive in few—
soon will build His Very Own City!
'gainst the beating of your drums
beats Creation's red Creator's heart,
and the day with warbling voice

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laughs at yonder graveyard's piping!
Beat, beat, beat the drum!
From your head at last the steel is melting
and you too—once nightmare-freed—
pious, pale
must solemnize
your own heart's marche royale.

FALSE "AMERICAN INVASION" OF LONDON STAGE

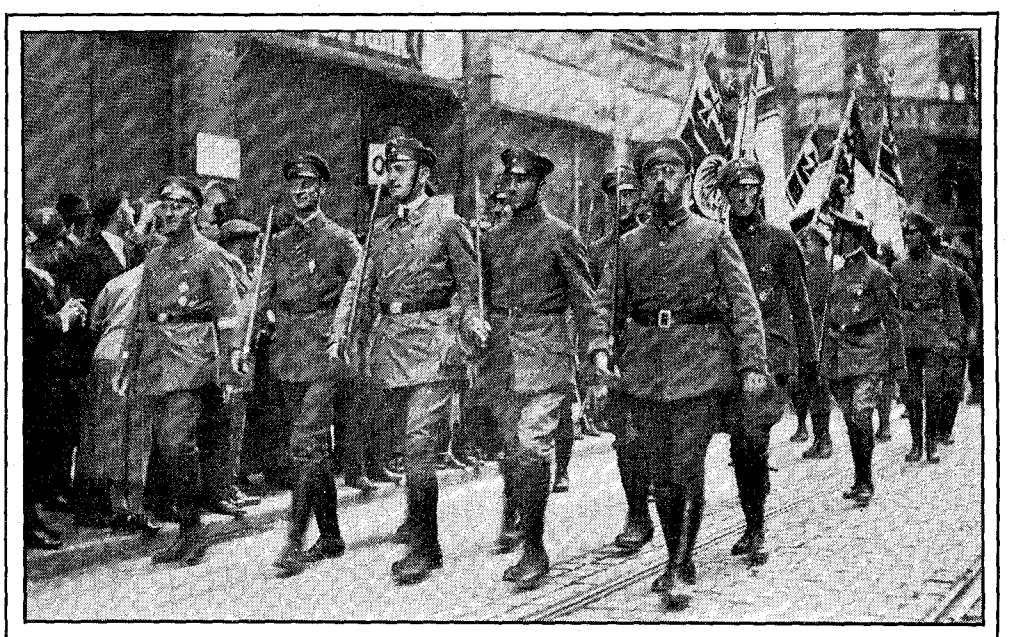
"GUFF" AND "FLUB-DUB" in the full sense of these words is found by the dramatic critic of the Boston *Transcript* in the "prattle about the Americanization of the London stage." This is the phrase sometimes read in a British paper, and lately used, we are told, by Mr. R. C. Carton, an English playwright, regarding an occasional American success. The Americans are taking the bread out of the mouths of the English, playwright and actor alike, is the cry. Mr. H. T. Parker has been spending some time on the other side and reports that most of the things called "American" are merely the "international" wares, "little affecting either the quality or the vogue of the finer products of a particular nation." It has just happened, perhaps, that New York was quicker to sense the attraction of a play from Hungary than was London, and the piece reaching there by way of New York gets an American label. Mr. Parker presents this analysis of the London stage of the late spring:

"In to-day's newspaper, at the ebb rather than in the flow of the season, thirty-nine plays—musical pieces and reviews included—are advertised at the London theaters. Of these thirty-nine, eleven were produced in New York before they were reproduced overseas. Two, however, of that eleven—Mr. Lonsdale's 'Spring Cleaning' and Mr. Zangwill's 'We Moderns'—are comedies by British playwrights; while a third, 'The Tsarina,' was originally Hungarian. Two more—the everlasting 'Rain' and 'White Cargo'—may pass for Anglo-American hybrids. 'Rain,' indeed, is curiously announced as 'Mr. Somerset Maugham's' by virtue of his short story behind it. Yet another three—'Rose-Marie,' 'No, No, Nanette' and 'Tell Me More,' all musical pieces—are plainly international stage-wares. As certainly, the 'rough stuff' of 'The Gorilla' and the lighter-fingered stuff of 'Just Married' belong with them. Eleventh and last is the one and only play that upsprings in American matter from American soil—Miss Vollmer's 'Sun-Up' as acted by Miss LaVerne and an American cast. Except this tragi-comedy of the Carolina mountaineers, every 'American play' upon the current London stage is either the work of European hands, mostly British, or of journeymen of the theater, changeless in whatever footlight-factory chance happens to place them. So much for that vast 'Americanization' of the London stage dear to the 'cable-services.' So much also for the relative extinction of the British playwright by the American—as tho because some Hollywood lumper made 'The Gorilla,' Mr. Coward or Mr. Ashley Dukes fared the worse. Both assertions are presumptions unmitigated, a mere convenient cant.

"Not too pridefully does the American eye con this list. 'No, No, Nanette' and 'Tell Me More' are merely transatlantic transactions in jazz, rattle, bustle—the musical play danced rather than acted or sung. In Boston 'Nanette' is sauced by American entertainers, in London by English. With New York substituted, 'Tell Me More' is in like case. Six months ago the Astaires were flourishing famously in both capital and provinces. The vogue of American and semi-American jazz-bands is considerable. For the while jazz and the derivative musical play are international commodities, American brands preferred. To the factory-theater, the world over, belong such pieces as 'The Gorilla,' 'Just Married,' or 'It Pays to Advertise,' which vanished the other day after a nearly incalculable run. From Mr. Agate downward, a far-spreading public enjoys the ructions and tumult of 'The Gorilla.' Another takes pleasure in the politer pastimes and the playing innuendo of 'Just Married.' The largest of all found the humors of 'It Pays to Advertise' much to its liking. Every capital-city abounds in these publics as, in a narrower circle, it does not lack hands to feed them. The common language of England and America encourages such exchanges. Our audiences have also experienced, and sometimes enjoyed, the British product. By subject matter and acting, rather than by playwrights' imagination and skill, 'Rain' prevailed on the American stage; while the 'onlie begetter' of that subject matter was the Briton, Maugham. 'White Cargo' is an efficient stage-play and, with the processes of 'Rain' reversed, the British Gordon fashioned it for the theater."

The signs are unmistakable, Mr. Parker thinks, especially when "a little retrospect enforces them":

"The commonplace of the American boards, the exportable commodities of our 'theatrical business,' rather than the plays that of late have given the American stage body, individuality and rising merit, prosper most with British audiences. The run of 'It Pays to Advertise' was measured in years; while a few struggling weeks numbered the days of 'Beggar on Horseback.' Mr. Lynne Overman and 'Just Married' are interminably interesting to a British public; but after the first flush of Miss Pauline Lord and 'Anna Christie,' play and player gradually succumbed to declining audiences. Otherwise Mr. O'Neill is known only by the printed page and a few performances of his minor pieces at a suburban playhouse. The London life of 'Ambush' was precarious. 'The Show-Off' was no sooner seen than shunned. The succulent smut of 'The Harem' readily found an English purchaser (untimely nipt by the 'ban' of the Lord Chamberlain); but London has yet to see, if it ever sees, 'The Swan.' Nor does Mr. Basil Dean, contemplating for the autumn 'They Knew What They Wanted,' look forward to the production with an overweening confidence. The prospect is that 'De Luxe Annie' will fare better as American export from the warehouse of Mr. Al Woods. It is such as he and as Mr. John Golden that should sell in the British market. On both sides of the Atlantic their customers are one and the same in theatrical preferences. Hereabouts, Mr. Golden's 'Lightnin'' fared well with them, partly because an actor skilful and sympathetic in homely character played the old rogue a-wheedling; partly because the mummeries of the scene in court passed as 'quaintly American.'



ALL THE FLAGS OF WAR DO HOMAGE TO THE GERMAN REPUBLIC

So sings one of their poets who fears that the youth of the nation will again be devoted "to the black tomb that swallows him."

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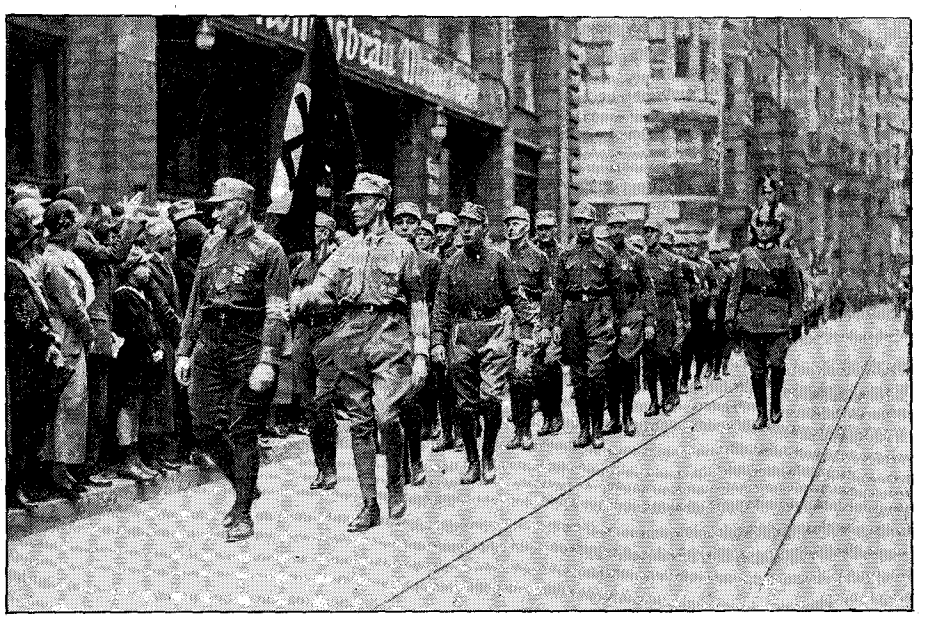
Even so, from the days in which 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch' went up and down the British Isles and might not be stayed. On a higher plane of truth to life and honesty in the theater, 'Sun-Up' succeeds in London, aided not a little by Miss La Verne's acting of granite softened. Departing, the pleased Briton says in his heart, 'What a very American thing!'—and is the more pleased."

Our best actors are in the same plight as our best plays:

"As it knows American plays, so does the London public know American players. Until it saw Mr. John Barrymore as *Hamlet* last winter, it had scarcely looked upon an actor of the first rank in the United States. Instead, it had seen assembled competence in this or that imported cast, pretty-boy 'personalities' like Mr. Tom Douglas, almost unknown in his own country; or entertainers in reviews and musical plays, which mummers are a universal species. No wonder it watched Mr. Barrymore keen-eyed and open-eared—even to his speeches at luncheon-parties. Of American actresses the tale is as lean. In the elder generation, Mrs. Fiske or Miss Anglin, for convenient instances, has never played in London. Miss Barrymore, ripened, is equally unknown. Miss George, once seen on the way to maturity, is nearly forgotten. Miss Taylor was part and parcel of that exportable commodity, her husband's workaday comedies. Mr. Sheldon's 'Romance' and Miss Doris Keane are equally inextricable. London saw her insatiably as the hot-mettled, showy Italian singer; but would scarcely look twice upon her *Juliet*. Of the younger abilities, Miss Lord had her brief and remembered day; but Miss Cornell visits London for holiday, not for work; while in lieu of such quality as hers, the half-baked and importunate Miss Bankhead passes for a 'notable American actress'—and without exclamation points. In sober fact, the first-rate talents of our vaudeville stage are better known and oftener applauded than the equivalent talents of our ambitious theater. An English manager, reproducing an American play, preferably and reasonably casts it with British players. Their names and presence may commend it to the desired public. Only the 'very American things'—from 'The College Widow' to 'Sun-Up'—require an all-American cast, and disclose a Miss La Verne."



APPLAUDING THE JUNGSTAHLHELM

"It is the hand of the government laid upon the young to train them after its wish."—Quoted from THE LITERARY DIGEST of August 15.

If there is to be talk and print about dependency, says Mr. Parker, the boot is plainly on the American foot, for—

"While our stage regularly receives the better plays of the Britons, via Galsworthy, Shaw, Barrie, Milne, Lonsdale, Coward, theirs receives, for the most part, only the common truck of our theater. For last blurt of the obvious, if unflattering, truth, since the days of Charles Frohman, the powers that be in the American theater have cut little or no figure in London, except as possible purchasers or sellers of vendible wares."

WHERE IS THE "BIXBY" LETTER?

IF THE ORIGINAL "BIXBY" LETTER, written by Lincoln to the bereaved widow of Boston concerning the death of her five sons is still in existence, surely the recent controversy about it will bring it forth. But, nothing but facsimiles exist, and these presenting slight variations have caused some curious questionings. Belief has been common that it hung in the Bodleian Library or in Brasenose College, in Oxford, tho how it should have wandered so far afield is unexplained. Now denial of this as its resting-place comes from that source, tho they do claim that they were the first to call attention to the literary excellence of both this and the Gettysburg address. Lincoln collectors can only suppose that the letter was destroyed while in the possession of the lady who received it. Recent inquiry has revealed that in one sense the letter was "a beautiful blunder"; that Mrs. Bixby lost only two sons in battle. But nothing detracts from the beautiful English of the letter, or the great heart of Lincoln who wrote it. The Rev. Dr. William E. Barton of Oak Park, Illinois, one of the latest of Lincoln biographers, declares in the Boston *Herald:*

"Nobody knows where the original of that letter is. While Mrs. Bixby had five sons, they were not all in service, and not all of those in service died. Abraham Lincoln wrote the letter in perfect good faith. It was a beautiful blunder, and well worth while for the sake of the letter. . . .

"One of the most remarkable things is the fact that when Woodrow Wilson was confronted with the necessity of writing a letter to a bereaved mother he sat down, looked over Lincoln's letter, and tho himself a master of words, felt utterly incapable of doing anything up to that level. So he sent a copy of the letter Lincoln had written. That was a most strange thing for a man of Wilson's gifts, seeing that he did not often have to apologize for lack of ability to express himself. And in that he paid a great tribute to Lincoln.

"Several years ago I made a careful investigation of the matter of President Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby, and wrote an article which I sent to one or two periodicals, but it was returned unprinted. The editors thought the public did not care to have its faith in that letter disturbed. It is a matter of some importance, and there is no occasion for anything but the truth.

"The first disquieting fact is that the original of the letter can not be found. No one knows who made the first reproduction, or what became of the letter itself. It is frequently declared by orators that the original is framed and hung in one of the colleges in Oxford, Baliol or Brasenose, or in the Bodleian library. It is not there. I read an article three or four years ago in *The Brazen Nose* in which the university authorities endeavored to set America right on this matter. The heads of the colleges at Oxford wish the original were there, and would frame it and treat it with great respect if they had it, but they never saw it. Nor is any man now living on record as having ever seen the original of Lincoln's most frequently copied letter.

"The next fact is that the reproductions vary slightly. But this I do not count important. The reproductions were made before the art of photo-engraving began, and the variations are not such as to militate seriously against the genuineness of the letter."

The first public printing of the Bixby letter is claimed by the Boston *Transcript*, which on August 5 unearthed and reproduced from its files the form of the letter which it gave out as public news on November 25, 1864, four days after the date on the letter itself. Thus:

"LETTER FROM PRESIDENT LINCOLN. Mrs. Bixby—a lady

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in the southern portion of this city, whose case has excited much sympathy—had six sons enlisted in the Union Army, five of whom have been killed in battle, and the sixth is now at the United States Hospital at Readville. Being in indigent circumstances, she has received assistance from some of the churches and Christian women of Boston. Her lonely abode was made cheerful this morning by the receipt of the following letter from President Lincoln:

"'Executive Mansion,
"'Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.

"'DEAR MADAM,—I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle.

"'I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I can not refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save.

"'I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours, to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of Freedom.

"'Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,
"'A. LINCOLN.

"'Mrs. Bixby.'"

Comparison of this with the facsimile reproduction herewith, shows not only variation in the placing of Mrs. Bixby's name, but also in the paragraphing of the composition:

In its article the New York *Times* points to what is regarded as the "authorized text":

"The wording of the Lincoln letter as printed in all the standard works is identical, but there are some variations of punctuation and capitalization. What is regarded as the authorized text is that which appears in 'Abraham Lincoln; Complete Works Comprising Speeches, Letters, &c.,' which was edited by the late John G. Nicolay and John Hay, and published by the Century Company in 1894. Hay, who was later Secretary of State, and Nicolay were private secretaries to Lincoln, and would hardly have included this letter in a compilation of his letters if they had any reason to regard it as spurious. . . .

"The text as given by Nicolay and Hay carries the address 'Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Massachusetts,' at the head of the letter, immediately following the date. The text as given in many standard works, however, carries 'Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.,' at the foot of the letter, after the signature.

"While the original has never been in the possession of the Library of Congress, Assistant Chief Fitzpatrick this afternoon said that various facsimiles of the letter had been printed and that the originators of some of these facsimiles appear to have copied them from other alleged facsimiles. Some of these facsimiles were sold years ago in Washington book-shops, but are not now on sale. Mr. Fitzpatrick said this afternoon he had no idea as to the whereabouts of the original, and did not know whether President Lincoln had written such a letter.

"'But Mr. Gaillard Hunt, former chief of this division, used to say to me,' said Mr. Fitzpatrick, 'you don't know who wrote that letter and I don't know, but the man who did it had genius in him.'

"In addition to communicating with the Bodleian library, Mr. Fitzpatrick said, the Library of Congress had also investigated the story that the letter was in the Morgan collection and received a negative answer."

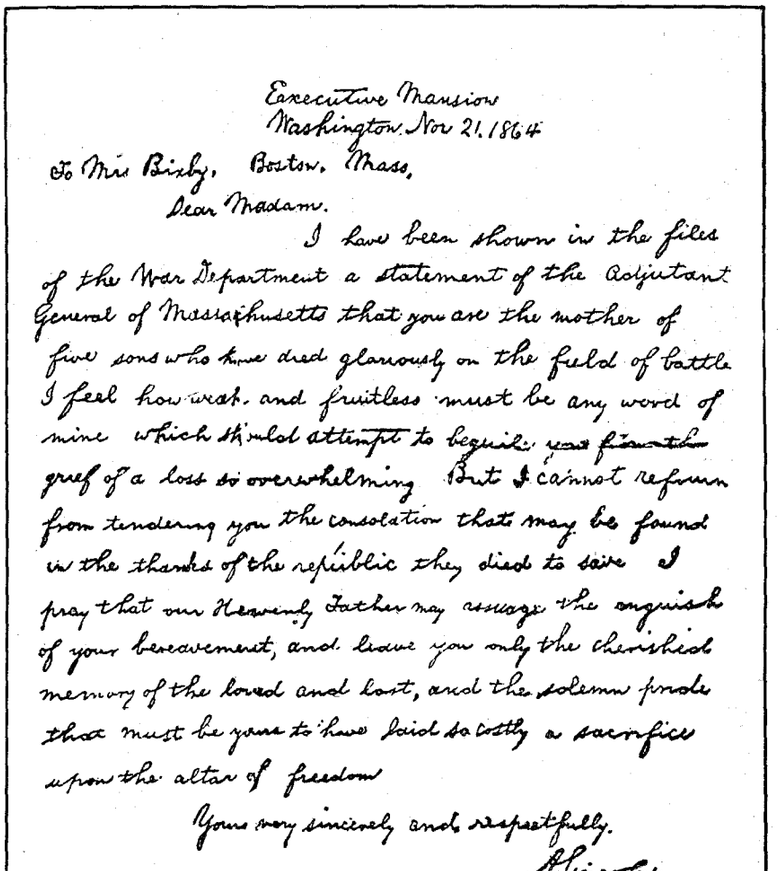
Another ingenious explanation of the "Oxford" myth is this:

"An American at some period of time may have heard that Brasenose had a letter signed by 'Lincoln.' To the American there was only one Lincoln, namely Abraham; but for the Brasenose College there have been thirty-six visitors, Bishops of Lincoln, each one of whom would use as his signature an initial and 'Lincoln.' It must be acknowledged that since 1509 no Bishop of Lincoln has had a Christian name beginning with a letter A; but, after all, the creator of the 'story' would not stop at a little thing like that. From a mere letter signed by 'Lincoln,' the 'story' may have grown into a particular letter signed by 'A. Lincoln'; and then still further developed into the letter of Abraham Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby."

A LAW OF LIBEL—An Authors' (law of libel) Protection Bill has been introduced into Parliament by Sir William Bull and *Truth* (London) sees a great need for the protection offered in its provisions:

"One of its proposals is that no action for libel against authors and publishers of works of fiction in respect of imaginary references to real persons shall be maintainable unless there is proof of defamatory intention. This would lift a load of anxiety from the editorial mind in regard to 'Queer Stories' in *Truth*. At present one never knows what trouble and expense may not arise through some litigious person choosing to identify himself with a purely fictitious character.

"Another proposal is that in cases where the court is satisfied that there is no reasonable probability of an action for libel succeeding, the case may be dismissed unless the plaintiff gives security for the defendant's costs. I have not seen the Bill itself. From the newspaper summary I infer that this proposal only applies to vexatious proceedings in respect of works of fiction, but Sir William Bull would be a public benefactor if he could induce Parliament to extend it to all actions for libel. I speak feelingly on this subject, because *Truth* gets more writs than any other paper from rogues who have no intention of facing a trial, but who suppose that in this way they can put a stop to criticisms and exposures."



Executive Mansion
Washington Nov 21. 1864

To Mrs Bixby, Boston, Mass.

Dear Madam.

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile ~~you from the~~ grief of a loss so overwhelming But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom

Yours very sincerely and respectfully.

A. Lincoln.

FACSIMILE OF THE "BIXBY" LETTER

Some variations in paragraphing, punctuation and the placing of the address, Boston, will be noted between this and the *Transcript* version.

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RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

SUICIDE AND BUSINESS

SUICIDES, IT SEEMS, form a fairly accurate index of economic and social conditions. When business is good, the suicide rate declines; when business is bad, the suicide rate goes up. Moral irresponsibility is also, we are told, becoming an important factor in its bearing on suicide. According to the annual compilation of suicide statistics by Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman, of the Prudential Insurance Company, the suicide rate for 1924 was 15.3 for each 100,000 of population. He finds that between 12,000 and 15,000 people commit suicide every year, and the only comfort in this melancholy fact is that the ratio of suicide deaths to population has remained fairly constant since 1899. In 1900, writes Dr. Hoffman in *The Spectator*, an insurance magazine published in New York, the rate of suicide deaths to each 100,000 population was 15.4. The average rate for the twenty-five years was 17.2. The highest rate for the period was 21.5, in 1908, which seems to bear out Dr. Hoffman's theory—generally accepted, we are told—that there are always more suicides in seasons of economic depression. Times were probably "harder" in that year than they have been since the present century began, actually harder, we are told, than in 1913-1914. By the same token, the time when post-war prosperity seemed at high tide, in 1919 and 1920, was that in which the suicide rate reached its lowest point—12.3 per 100,000.

In contemplating the melancholy subject, Dr. Hoffman writes:

"No matter what we may think about the question, suicide always implies a disastrous failure to adapt the human individual successfully to his complex environment. The crest of the suicide rate in this country was reached in 1908, when the rate for American cities reached 21.5 per 100,000 of population. It declined slightly after that, but during recent years the rate has been about what it is at the present time or a little over 15 per 100,000. The lowest rate was reached in 1920, when it fell to 12.3.

"It seems to admit of no serious controversy that, to a measurable degree, the suicide rate is affected by business conditions and that it is a rough indication of our national prosperity, altho countless other influences and conditions determine its rise and fall. Suicides, like murder cases, are becoming more involved and often difficult of determination. Suicides occur in which the evidence is so confused that there is no alternative but to place them among the so-called 'accidents,' which may successfully hide the fact of suicide or murder, as the case may be."

In the light of more than thirty years' experience with the suicide problem, Dr. Hoffman is convinced that the recorded mortality understates the actual extent of a very serious social problem. He continues:

"Suicides are seemingly to-day more common among the well-to-do, the well-educated and the well-placed than in earlier years. This would seem to indicate a disintegration of social morality for which the present generation is primarily responsible. It is not feasible to enlarge upon matters of detail, but attention may be called to the suicide of a United States Senator last year who stood high in the councils of the nation. The outstanding fact of many individual cases is the indifference on the part of those who are familiar with indications of a mental breakdown typical of borderland cases of insanity and crime. Fortunately, our economic situation is so satisfactory and the outlook for the future so excellent that suicides due to economic depressions are at the present time comparatively few and far between. Finally, attention may be directed to the apparently increasing extent to which suicides commit murder at about the same time, indicative of a state of mind and morals that may well challenge attention.

"It is my firm conviction that much might be done to prevent suicides in many cases if a more deliberate effort were made in this direction. Suicides also could be diminished if the present unrestricted sale of weapons and the reckless sale of poisons were brought more effectively under public control."

All papers agree that the suicide problem is a serious one, demanding careful study, but to the Montgomery *Advertiser* the implication that there is more moral disintegration among people well placed is resented as an "unwarranted assumption." Even if we admit that there is a higher percentage of suicides among the more favored classes, argues *The Advertiser*, "it does not imply better character among those who lack everything that makes life attractive." As *The Advertiser* sees it,

"The life of the poor man is extremely simple, and little involved. Accustomed to poverty, he expects little else, and is reconciled. The well-placed man, the well-to-do man has more contacts with the vital currents and is subject to more shocks; his moral fiber is put to incomparably more severe tests than that of the man at the other social and economic extreme. He has more to lose.

"The illiterate, or poorly educated man may be, and probably is, a dull man. A dull man lacks imagination. His capacity to worry is less than that of the man of keener intelligence. His sensibilities may be less delicate. Personal disaster will be less likely to upset him; but he is not more moral than the highly intelligent, well-educated, well-placed man."

In its own speculation on the causes of suicide, which leads it to no definite conclusion, the New York *Sun* thinks that the importance of the ease with which pistols and poisons may be obtained can easily be overestimated. Presumably, we are told, it is just as easy to obtain these things in Brooklyn as in Manhattan, and it is certainly easier to get firearms in Jersey City. Yet, observes *The Sun*, the Manhattan suicide ratio of 15.6 is considerably higher than Brooklyn's 10.8 and Jersey City's 9.9. "Nor will that theory explain why there are relatively four times as many suicides in Haverhill as in Holyoke; nor will it explain why the suicide rate is generally believed to be much higher in cities, where firearms are comparatively scarce, than in rural sections, where almost every household has its rifle or shotgun." Again,

"Density of population scarcely seems to offer a solution, either. It is true that the larger cities, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and Cleveland, form a distinct group, the suicide ratio of which is fairly high, but the differences are scarcely marked enough to be conclusive. In population Detroit should belong in that group also, but its ratio is much below the average for the other cities, while the ratios of Minneapolis, Nashville, Washington, Denver, Scranton and St. Louis are much higher.

"Climatic influence is an even more uncertain factor. The Pacific coast cities, which retain the unenviable distinction of having a suicide rate which is much higher than that for any other American city or section, are, of course, to be excluded from consideration on this score. They have become health resorts to which the ailing from all other parts of the country flee, and it is to be supposed that these invalid and often neurotic transients swell the suicide totals considerably. But surely climatic variations will not explain why the suicide rate of Reading is more than double that of Pittsburgh or why the ratio of Trenton is almost the same as that of Denver, or why the ratio of New Orleans is about the same as that of Providence.

"It is clear from every view-point that the suicide problem is not one which can be settled by easy and glib formulas. Apparently there is an indefinite percentage of individuals who, for one reason or another, may be expected to make away with themselves in the course of a given year. That a majority of them could be saved if the proper influences were brought to bear upon them is highly probable. It is perhaps a failure of civilization that the way to bring them to bear has not yet been made altogether clear."

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CHARITY WITHOUT RED TAPE

"HE GIVES TWICE WHO GIVES QUICKLY," believes William J. Conners of Buffalo and West Palm Beach, Florida, who recently announced the creation of a fund of $1,000,000 which is to relieve distress immediately, without red tape, without respect to creeds. The fund will be applied by a managing board, composed of six trustees, two Catholics, two Protestants, and two Jews. In announcing the creation of the fund, Mr. Conners, who climbed from stevedore to wealth and power in the business and political life of his State, observes that he has been fortunate in acquiring riches and that he desires to do something for his home city while he is alive. After long thought, he decided that the best charity is one that will "give help to the needy, give it promptly, without red tape and without any regard to race, religion or anything but need." He expects to increase the fund to $5,000,000. The foundation will be exclusively for the people of Buffalo, the city in which he was born and raised and in which he started on the road to success. It will be independent of any other charitable activity; it will relieve first and investigate afterwards. "It will look after the needy, whether the need is of a ton of coal or help to go to a hospital, or help in any way," says Mr. Conners, according to press reports. "Maybe this will start somebody else to do the same thing. I don't know of another foundation exactly the same."

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A MILLION-DOLLAR SAMARITAN

William J. Conners, who has created a million-dollar fund which will "give help promptly, without red tape and without any regard to race, religion or anything but need."

It was undoubtedly the observation—if not the actual experience—of Mr. Conners that charity is often hedged about with so much administrative machinery that it loses much of its sweetness by the time it reaches its beneficiary, remarks the Schenectady *Union Star*, adding:

"Elaborate office staffs and card indexes are all very well in their way, but the quality of mercy is not strained through a card index. It springs spontaneous from the gushing fountain of love, or it falleth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath. Something of this sentiment may have restrained the donor from putting his money into a specific object, and leaving it in a foundation to help quickly those who may require aid.

"In so doing Mr. Conners practically indorses the idea of the community trust which is a growing practise among men of wealth. Already many cities have community trust funds whose incomes are dispensed by trustees. The advantages of this practise are many. Even the wisest of men never can know what conditions may be ten or twenty-five years after his death. Those who leave bequests for specific purposes tie the hands of their administrators. The cold hand of death restrains them from employing the funds which they administer in the manner that their own wisdom may dictate as best. There is the further advantage of a community trust that it can receive benefactions from many sources. A single bequest may not make a fund of impressive size, but a number of bequests in the aggregate may create an accumulation of wealth whose income could be most usefully employed."

Of course, there is nothing new in the "aid first" notion, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and "not to be unfair to modernity, the devoted persons who give time and energy to the unadvertised relief work of many of our Protestant churches, to the Roman Catholic and Jewish charities, to the activities of the Salvation Army, have precisely the Conners view."

"But even they are hampered by a by-product of the atrophy of city civilization—a very large number of men and women who are as anxious to be pauperized as ever Pooh Bah was to have his haughty pride insulted with a bribe.

"The 'aid first' idea runs from the Arabian Nights to the Fleischmann bread line, which some of us remember. Perhaps it was never worked out in literature so well as in the Mme. de Chantal character which Balzac so lovingly developed in 'L'Envers de l'Histoire Contemporaine,' taking the name from that of the saint who was the grandmother of Madame Sévigné. But, new or old, its appeal to Mr. Conners is easily understood. He knows the 'seamy side of life' as well as any man in America, and his sympathies have not been narrowed by prosperity."

Thus he provides another instance where a great fortune accumulated is to be largely devoted to the benefit of the unfortunate, comments the Utica *Observer Dispatch*. Mr. Conners has known what it is to be poor and, perhaps, needy, we are told; and "he can do no better with his money than by setting it at work to give that immediate relief that is sometimes most necessary, and which is often delayed or defeated, through the operation of officialdom or tedious organization, until it is too late."

Mr. Conners has known hard knocks, according to the Brooklyn *Times*, which informs us in a brief sketch of the man that "he began life on the docks, became a stevedore, made a fortune, bought a newspaper, won power as a State politician, added millions to millions, and now wants to help those among whom he has always lived. The Conners Foundation is likely to be one of the nation's great assets."

CRANBERRIES AND CHURCHES—Corn, oil, hogs may be, and sometimes are, transmuted into churches, hospitals and schools, and a correspondent suggests to the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) that economic resources generally should be made to contribute to local philanthropic needs. In its own pondering over it, *The Advocate* thinks that some such notion may have animated several great philanthropists, and suggests:

"Perhaps James B. Duke fulfilled this idea when he turned over to trustees for the benefit of the people of the Carolinas his shares in those companies which have developed hydroelectric power from the streams that fall from the Appalachian highlands to the Atlantic plain. Perhaps Andrew Carnegie fulfilled it when he endowed so many agencies for the education of the people of western Pennsylvania, where, with the help of coal and limestone, he had smelted his fortune out of the ore. Perhaps it is illustrated

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by the way that some of the yield of the anthracite mines has been contributed to Wyoming Seminary in the recent campaign for the strengthening of the great school which has been a blessing to so many miners' sons and daughters. Perhaps it is illustrated by the reported act of a Baptist preacher in Carver, Massachusetts, who has dedicated a bit of the local cranberry bog to the support of his church. This man significantly says that if Carver had dedicated one per cent.—the tithe of a tithe—of its income from cranberries last year to the support of the Gospel, it would have been more than enough to cover the church budget. Power, steel, cranberries are economic resources of some communities which may be made to finance local philanthropies. It is quite in line with the Old Testament teaching that the first fruits of the increase of flock and field belonged to the Lord, and with the New Testament doctrine of Christian stewardship. No individual can say without challenge, 'What's mine's my own.' Nor can any aggregation of individuals or community say it. Neither should it be possible for any soulless corporation to exploit the natural resources of any locality without returning a generous portion to the community for its charities, its schools and its churches. This doctrine, once novel and disputed, is now so generally accepted that the principle of 'making the economic resources of a community minister to its philanthropic needs' is no longer a dream."

THE PASTOR'S MOST IMPORTANT DUTY

WHAT PART OF THE MINISTER'S WORK is the most important? A questionnaire circulated by the Department of Religious Education of Northwestern University among ministers of the Middle West, without regard to denomination, brought no unanimity of opinion, but the majority feel that the most important single item in their profession is pastoral calling. Provision for the teaching of children in the Sunday school was only one point below. More than twenty points separated these two functions from preaching, which was third in importance. Next in order came the support for Home and Foreign Missions; fifth, the maintenance of the family altar; sixth, the promotion of civic and moral reforms; seventh, securing attendance of children at church worship; eighth, the maintenance of the church prayer-meeting; ninth, the necessity for keeping up the benevolences of the congregation; tenth, promoting good fellowship through church socials and similar affairs; eleventh, circulating church papers; and last, conducting special evangelistic campaigns.

Of course, it would be difficult, we are told, to procure a consensus on the validity of such a questionnaire, and even ministers will differ as to whether it gives a creditable record of the aims of their sacred calling. Commenting on the result, *The Christian Century* (Undenominational) says:

"We can not help suspecting that the men who ranked the promotion of the family altar as high as they did, put down what they felt they ought to be doing rather than what they actually do. But the most outstanding fact is, to us, the placing of child training ahead of preaching in importance. Does this represent the real mind of the ministry? If it does, why is so much more time, money and interest expended on the subsidiary?"

Going farther, *The Reformed Church Messenger* questions whether the wish was not father to the thought in the minds of a great many who joined in the rating shown in the questionnaire. *The Messenger* would like to know, for example, how many actually put pastoral calling in the first place in their estimation and by their example. And if the majority of the ministers in the Middle West are giving the major portion of their attention to the training of youth, *The Messenger* is convinced that they are far ahead of the record established in other sections of the country. This journal notes:

"There are probably some pastors who have never taken the trouble to inform themselves as to how they are apportioning their time, and they themselves would be greatly shocked to learn how small a part of it they are giving to some of the major interests of the Christian pastorate. It is possible that some may 'forsake the Word of God' by deliberate choice or easy self-indulgence, actually preferring to 'serve tables.' Just as it is easy to spend more time in the perusal of the daily newspapers than in the study of the Scriptures and the literature of the Church, so it is easy to fritter away supreme opportunities of the pastorate on items of minor importance, while activities which would build for the future are belittled or neglected. Such a questionnaire at least should stimulate searching of heart and a renewed application both of the principles of common sense and consecration to the tasks awaiting us—tasks unquestionably of varying importance. We are in honor bound to reserve our best for the things that are highest."

BROKEN WAR WEDDINGS

THE PINK GLOW OF ROMANCE that brought so many American doughboys and French girls to the altar in the bright days following the Armistice has since, in many cases, faded into a dismal hue. Cables from Paris report that within a month twenty-seven French brides of American soldiers have been deserted, and that out of 5,000 such marriages since the Armistice, 1,000 have come to similar shipwreck. The French Government has taken up the matter with the United States Government, but has been informed, we are told, that Washington can do nothing to relieve the deserted brides. Laws relating to marriage and divorce are administered only by the States. It is charged that American husbands coax their wives to go home to see the old folks, supply them with funds for the passage, escort them to the ship's gangway with great show and ceremony, and, it turns out, bid them, not au revoir, but farewell. The wives never hear from their husbands, and become charges of their parents. After a sufficient time has elapsed, it is charged, the husbands procure divorces on grounds of abandonment, and the separation is complete.

It is not to be wondered at that romance touched French and American hearts at such a time as when the American Army was in France, comments the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*. All the elements of romance were there.

"But French customs and American differ. Many a bride who came back on a transport was disillusioned when she discovered the economic and social status of her young husband. It is not unfair to say that more than one doughboy suffered an equal awakening, in the discovery that the girl he had married was anything but what he had expected. The difference in language and customs made it possible for false representations to be made by either party.

"On the whole, it is almost surprizing that four out of five of the marriages have held fast. That is a better record than we can show in some of our States for weddings that occurred during the same period as these international alliances."

These international marriages were never approved by the War Department, writes a Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, and now that many of the French war brides are being deserted or being shipped back to their homes by their husbands, officials lay the cause to national and cultural differences. "We didn't like to see international marriages at the time," said one official to the *Post* correspondent, "because most of them were between representatives of such widely separated classes." According to the correspondent,

"The official explained that in many cases American soldiers from homes of luxury in this country married a French girl of the poorer classes, brought her home, and, after the pink glow of romance had worn off, realized that the gap in their social stations could not be bridged.

"Ofttimes the family of the husband aggravated his growing discontent, it was pointed out by a War Department chief.

"In some cases, where there was no apparent difference in class, the couple remained in France, and after a time the husband grew restless and returned to this country without providing for his wife.

"Thus class distinctions and the inherent national and cultural differences are held by the War Department to be responsible for the majority of unsuccessful ventures in international war weddings."

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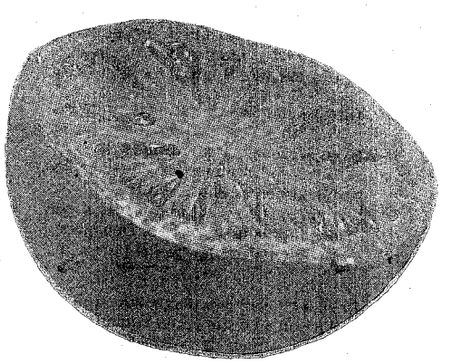

It cannot be described, but it ***can*** be tasted. You will know at the very first sip that you have tasted tomato soup exactly as you want and like it. And after your first plateful, tomato soup will always mean to you a certain delicious flavor that you have never tasted except in Campbell's.

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Every spoonful reveals Perfection!

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CURRENT ▽ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

ONE may use this for a little lesson in mythology now that the classics have less interest for us than motor-cars. Thankful we may be that papers like the London *Spectator* bend an ear to such:

CUPID EXPLAINS

By Annette Meakin

My son! cried Venus once to Cupid,
  Come hither, child, and tell me, pray—
I know you're anything but stupid—
  What method guides you in your play?
What makes you always spare Minerva?
  At her, I note, you never aim,
And other dames—a sharp observer—
  I see they too exemption claim

From all your darts; now what's the reason?
  Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter—
Seem liable at every season—
  And truly these you never spare,—
I fear Minerva, dearest Mother,
  Replied the rogue, she glares at me
And shakes the plumes upon her helmet,
  And struts about so manfully.

But Mars, cried Venus, wears a helmet,
  Yet you've disarmed and conquered him!
Ah, yes, but Mars—he makes advances—
  And that is quite a different thing.
Minerva looks at me so sternly,
  She watches everything I do
And vows the face of her Medusa
  Shall petrify me through and through.

And if my torch comes even near her
  She strikes a martial pose, Ho! Ho!
And shouts—Head foremost, by my Father!
  To Tartarus that imp shall go!
Or else I'll rend his limbs asunder
  And tear him into little bits!—
Such threats quite frighten me, dear Mother,
  Until I almost lose my wits.

Well, that may be; but then, the Muses,
  All nine, pray why are these immune?
Have they got crests upon their helmets?
  Would they too turn you into stone?—
No! dear Mamma! But these enchant me
  With music sweet, and thoughts, and song
Till I revere and hover round them
  Compelled to listen hours long.

All well and good, respect the Muses!
  Replied his mother testily,
But I would ask about Diana,
  Why she escapes so easily.—
I can't get near enough to hit her,
  She has a passion for the chase,
Replied the boy. It quite absorbs her,
  And leaves for my small darts no place.

WHAT the waves give up is always full of mystery. The questioner here speaks in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

SPARS

By Grace Latimer Wright

One tiny wave from out the sea
Has swept some battered spars to me.
I find no trace from whence they've come—
No line, no mark, to say why here
They should appear.

And yet my soul, oppressed and horror-sped,
All night will dream of lost, sad mariners
Or of those cottages along the shore
Where lighted candles gleam forevermore
To welcome home the lost, the non-returning.

These spars speak, oh, so clearly to my heart
All that the longing, waiting souls impart
Of those that fail in their returning.

The Criterion (London) is edited by the young American banker, Mr. T. S. Eliot, and contains occasional verse like the following:

AS SCARLET

By Wilfrid Gibson

Scarlet the toadstools burn
In black mould by the linn,
Yet not more fiery red
Than my soul's sin.

Sodden as last year's leaves,
My life seemed cold and dead,
When suddenly the black
Burst into red.

Fall quickly, winter snow,
To bury all from sight
In drift on drift of deaths,
Cold dazzling white!

So intimate a personal confession in *Punch* escapes acknowledgment of authorship. As the writer seems to think poorly of our contributions to dance rhythms, he might be reminded that he can hardly escape them; for isn't the "Charleston" here to supply the new hygienic demands?

LINES FROM A MIDDLE-AGED WALTZER

["After middle age it is most important that you should dance—not waltzes and that sort of thing, but real step dances."—*Sir Jas. Cantlie.*]

When, like the polka and schottische,
  The waltz made speed its chief attraction,
We sprang as whippets from the leash
  To rush our partners into action;
Of my far-off resilient youth
  And dim Victorian days I'm talking;
Oh, ours were dances then in truth,
  Not merely camouflage for walking!

Of these the waltz alone survives,
  But robbed of half its giddy whirlings,
And still my portly form contrives
  To do the needful twists and twirlings,
My sole remaining joy, though some
  Have hinted that my age and figure
To slower motions must succumb
  And music borrowed from the nigger.

Though on my features time and care
  Have chiselled many a wrongly-placed line,
Have reft a *soupçon* from my hair
  And put a *soupçon* on my waist-line,
For feebler days I still have kept
  The one-step and the trot of foxes,
As most befitting those who've crept
  Past their autumnal equinoxes.

But now (can doctors' views be false?)
  It seems that I, as age advances,
Not only must eschew the waltz
  But shun these other modern dances,
And take instead to Scottish reels
  And jigs from Leitrim or Balbriggan,
Or fit my senile toes and heels
  With clogs *indigenous* to Wigan.

No dance-musician I can find
  Knows tunes to fit Sir James's orders,
Save one; and he's of those who grind
  Organs on London's outer borders;
Him will I follow till my death
  (You'll read about it in the papers),
Stout, rubicund and scant of breath,
  But cutting hygienic capers.

THE New York *Times* prints this good-natured hint to a rather troublesome class, who perhaps only think they are indulging "free speech."

TO FOREIGN AGITATORS IN AMERICA

By Glen Allen

You and your fellows clutter up our streets
  With soap-box orators whose shoutings vex us;
Now, turn about, we'd like to ask of you
  Some questions that considerably perplex us.

The first thing we should really like to ask—
  If we seem personal, you must excuse us—
Is this, Why did you come? Why leave your homes
  And travel all this way—just to abuse us?

We have no tyrants here with heads to take off—
  No czar, no king, nor any potentate;
With sport so good at home, what brings you where
  There are no tyrannies to agitate?

We have one ruler here and only one—
  A sovereign we obey most willingly—
The Ballot Box! Its verdict we accept,
  With calmness bow ourselves to its decree.

We never asked you here—so much is flat!
  We could have worried on contentedly.
It's gauche to mention it, but haven't you
  Transgressed the laws of hospitality?

We love our flag—we do not seem to care
  For foreigners that rave and spit upon it . . .
You catch by now the drift of these remarks—
  You are not welcome! Yes, you've hit upon it!

It's our intention to suggest to you—
  And some might even call it plainly hinting—
We're weary of the kind of guests you are!
  So—here's your hats! And are you good at sprinting?

NOT long since we quoted a poetical stricture on Bernard Shaw, so it is perhaps only fair to pass on this appreciation of him as an "export commodity," especially as we are perhaps the heaviest importer. It appears in *G. K.'s Weekly* (London).

BALLADE OF NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

England's Primest Export Commodity
Is Still the Plays of G. B. S.

By Geoffrey Dearmer

Valour and ships and a comely shade
  Of azure skin and of blood as blue,
Alfred's vision and William's blade
  That found us troubled and left us true;
The London Sunday, the London Zoo,
  The Morning Post and the Albert Hall,
Now we have Wimbledon, Wembley, Kew,
  But Bernard Shaw is the best of all.

Factories, shops and a turn for trade,
  Aunt Priscilla and Prospect View,
Bacon and eggs and the Bible made
  The country our fathers and mothers knew.
National Institutions grew
  At a Statesman's beck or a soldier's call,
Now we have jumped like a kangaroo,
  And Bernard Shaw is the best of all.

Have we our elders and betters betrayed
  That they don't expound as they used to do?
Even Strachey, I am afraid,
  Seems to have met his Water St. loo.
National heroes now are a few
  Stars of the racket and bat and ball,
Though, of course, there is Donoghue,
  And Bernard Shaw is the best of all.

ENVOY

England, there is a playwright who
  Wouldn't be smug and couldn't be small,
England, somebody laughed at you . . .
  Bernard Shaw is the best of all.

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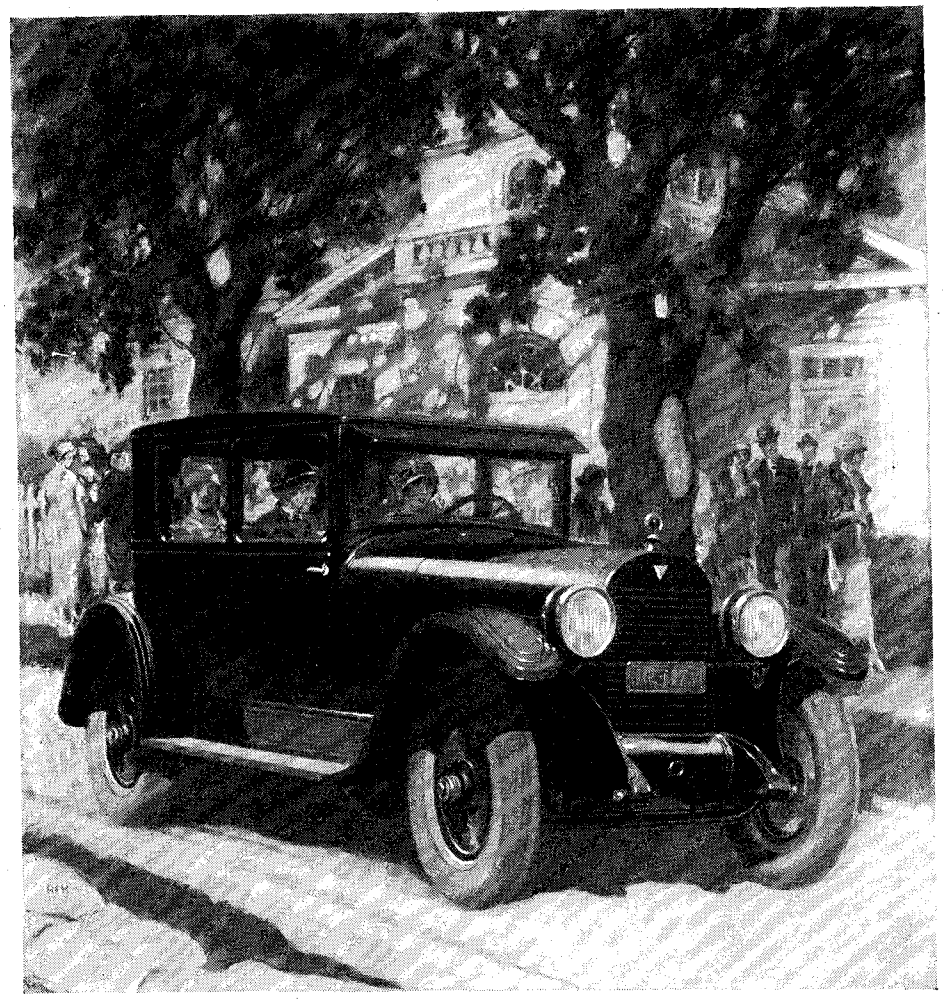

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1. Gargoyle Mobiloil has a background of 59 years of intensive specialization in lubrication—an unequaled record in that field.

2. Many years of specialized study of Ford engines and actual tests under all operating conditions make Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" unique in its ability to increase Ford long life.

3. Like the Ford car itself, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is used the world over—for economy, for full power, for the assurance of longest quiet mileage.

The following paragraphs explain.

The Ford Lubricating System. Moving parts and frictional surfaces in your Ford engine are lubricated by a mist of oil. The rotating flywheel acts as a pump. The swift dip of connecting rods splashes oil upward to cylinder walls, pistons, piston rings, piston pins. As it splashes, the oil must break up into a fine mist in order to coat effectively every moving part.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is a light, free-flowing oil. It circulates swiftly. As it splashes it atomizes into a clinging mist. It reaches and coats every moving surface.

The Ford Connecting Rod Bearings are so constructed that oil grooves are formed between the cap and rod. There are no oil holes or dippers. This construction also demands a free-flowing, free-atomizing oil. Otherwise the oil may not distribute thoroughly over the entire bearing surface.

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The Ford Planetary Transmission whirls in the same oil which lubrica the rest of the engine. Sleeves and bu ings fit closely. This condition, too, quires light oil which constantly cov every exposed surface. Oil of heavier bc or different character invites drag on transmission which results in less pov increase in gasoline consumption, and l ened response to acceleration.

The Ford Clutch is of the multiple c type and is lubricated by the eng oil. Heavy oils cannot be used in t clutch without creating a decided res ance to free motion. With such an the car tends to creep forward when engine is started. Both the starting mc and the battery are unduly strained. S ping and interference with smooth

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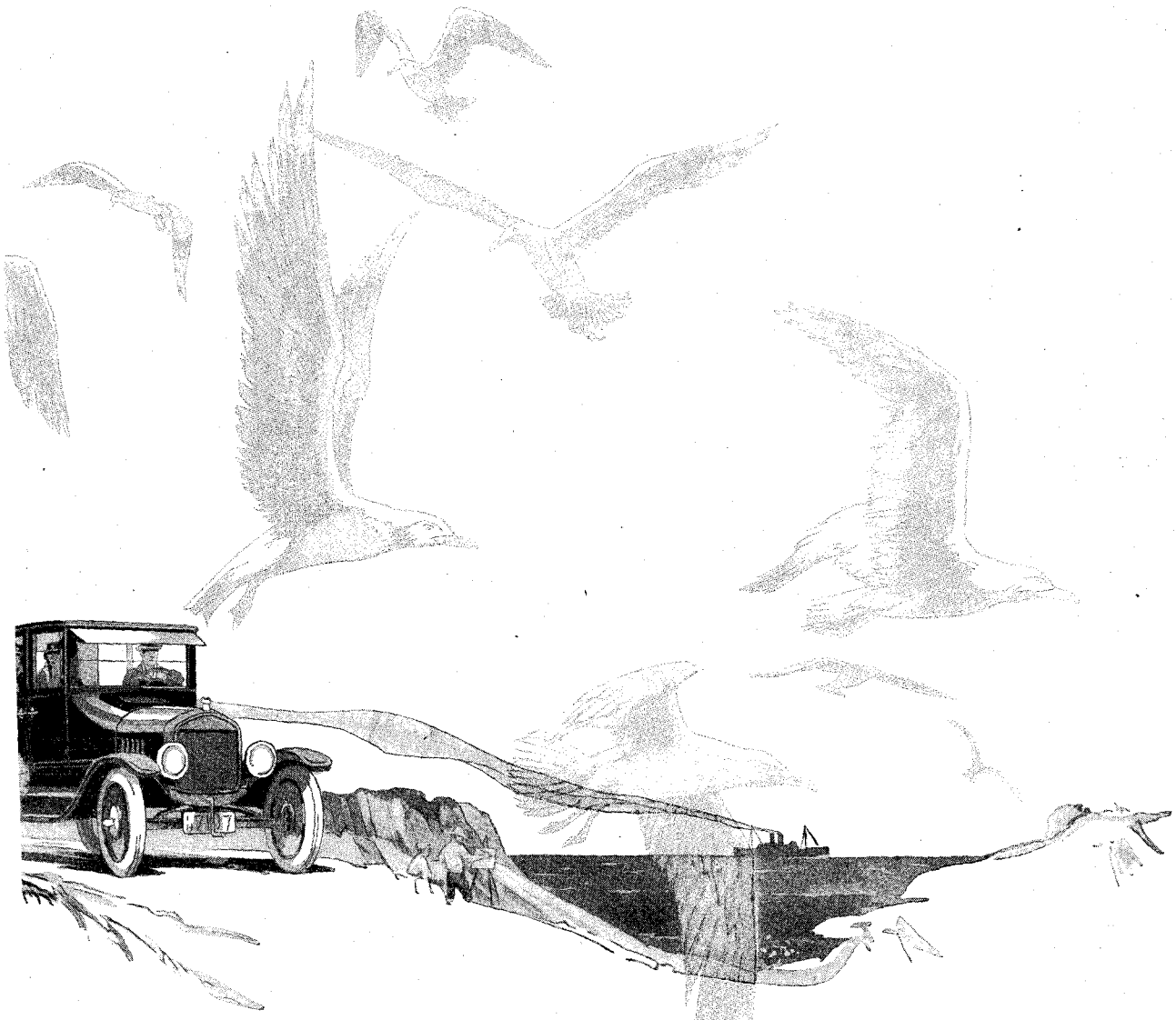

: action of the clutch may occur. oyle Mobiloil "E" assures quick sitive engagement of the clutch. s no slipping. There is no dragging ıe clutch is released.

ırd Piston Assembly. Ford pis- ınd ring construction makes for effective oil sealing against escape :r or fuel. Engine speed is rela- igh. The time in which blow-by of power might occur is extremely A light oil, therefore, will effec- :al the pistons. Heavier oils pro- ınecessary friction drag on both and flywheel. This reduces power. oyle Mobiloil "E" is scientifically or Ford piston and ring conditions.

ırbon Deposit. Carbon accumu- interferes with the action of valves :k plugs. If excessive, a distinct heard. Oil reaches the combus- nbers in minute quantities. Great- est freedom from carbon comes only when the oil burns quickly and completely.

In burning, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" leaves only a light, dry dust—nearly all of which is expelled through the exhaust.

Ford Crankcase Oil Temperature.

Due to thermo-siphon cooling system and operation of Ford brake and transmission bands in the engine oil, the temperature of the crankcase oil even in normal operation is relatively high. Your oil must not thin out unduly even when continued driving in low speed is necessary.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is made from specially selected crudes and refined in such a way that its ability to stand up under heat is unique.

In quality Mobiloil sets a world standard. To accept less than Mobiloil for your Ford is to accept less than Mobiloil protection and less than Mobiloil economy. The best oil is always the cheapest!

How to Buy

From Bulk 30c—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump.

For Touring Convenience—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry 2 or 3 under the seat of your car.

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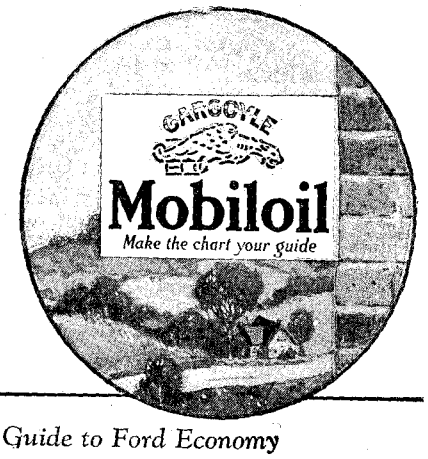

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The Guide to Ford Economy

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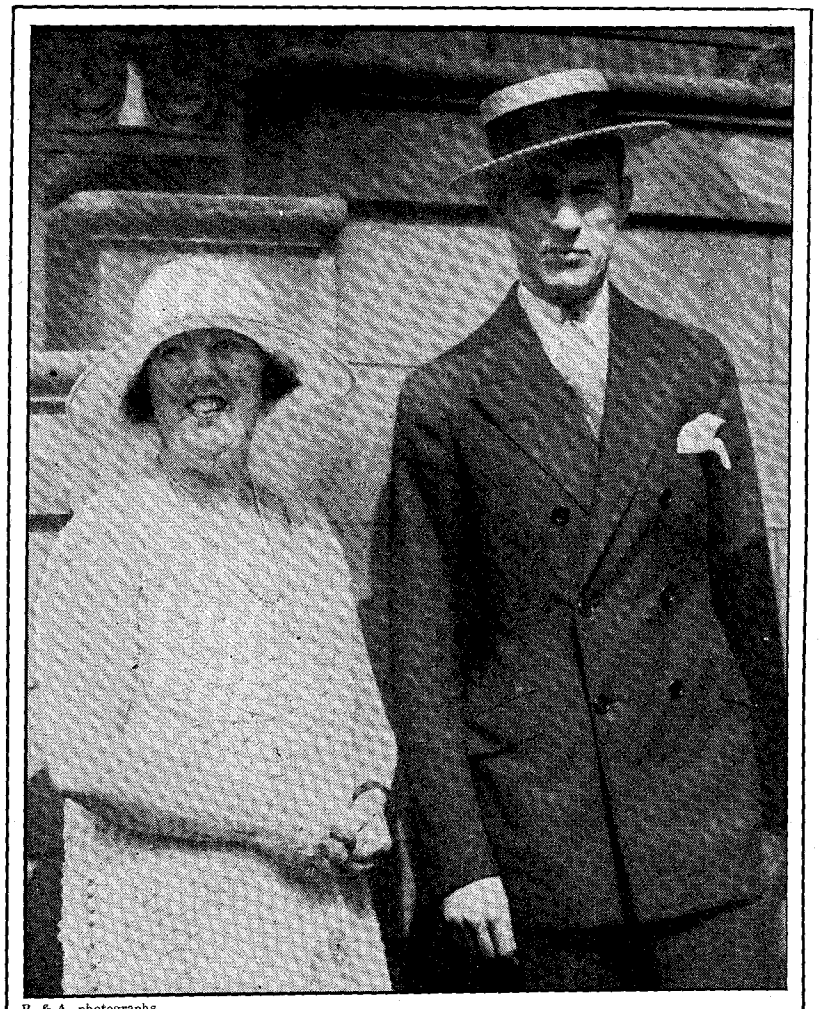
PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

ANOTHER LIVELY SON OF "THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK"

AGAIN THE LILT OF A CATCHY SONG beats time, as many commentators are pointing out, to the march of an ambitious and vigorous career in politics. The attention of the nation is arrested, more than one writer assumes, at the spectacle of a picturesque figure, "racy of the paving stones of New York," that has been thrown into prominence by the struggle between Tammany Hall and its sister Democratic organization of Brooklyn over the selection of a party candidate for Mayor of New York. Popular melodies appear to be bound up with the youthful career of State Senator "Jimmy" Walker, Tammany's choice, who, according to the present outlook, will contend in the coming primaries against Mayor Hylan's aspiration to succeed himself for a third term. In this, as in many other respects, the Senator's career is being likened to that of his fellow-townsman, friend and political mentor, Governor "Al" Smith. The latter's personality has long been linked with the words and tune of that old favorite, "The Sidewalks of New York," while Senator Walker's fame is associated with the still more sentimental ditty, "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?" But the connection between man and song is much closer in Walker's case, for he actually wrote the lyrics of "Will You Love Me in December," at a time in his young manhood when he followed song-writing as a profession, whereas Governor Smith had no hand in the creation of "The Sidewalks of New York," which had its first day of popularity, we are told, many years before "the bands got into the habit of striking it up whenever he made a public appearance." From "The Life Story of James J. Walker," by Martin Green, printed in the New York *Evening World*, we glean a spirited account of how Walker's song played a part in his wedding, and of a diverting incident connected therewith. Mr. Green writes:



P. & A. photographs

THEIR LIFE "ONE GRAND, SWEET SONG"

The wife of the song-writing Senator was herself a talented amateur concert singer, who had helped to popularize the ballad played at their wedding—"Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?"

Jazz was unknown in those days. Ragtime had been introduced and was gaining favor. But the ballad was the principal offering of the stage warblers, and at Hammerstein's, the Proctor houses and all along Coney Island the audiences were wont to join, in slow waltz time, in the following chorus:

"Will you love me in December as you do in May?
Will you love me in that same old-fashioned way?
When my hair has turned to gray,
Will you kiss me then and say
That you love me in December as you did in May?"

While not regularly scheduled, this popular song was part of the musical program in the marriage ceremony which united Senator Walker and Miss Janet Allen, a girl who had grown up with him in old Greenwich Village. Over in that part of the town "Will You Love Me in December" had the vogue which afterward made "The Sidewalks of New York" almost the civic anthem, and among those who had helped to make it well known was Miss Allen, a talented amateur concert singer.

The wedding was set for five o'clock in the afternoon of April 11, 1912, at St. Joseph's Church, Sixth Avenue and Washington Place, of which Mgr. Edwards, of revered memory on the west side, was pastor. It was a big event, for Jimmy Walker, having served three terms in the Assembly, was the idol of all the neighbors' children, and at five o'clock the church was jammed and there was a big overflow audience outside.

All the district leaders on the west side, from the Battery to Columbus Circle, were there with their families, and from over in the old Fourth Ward had come Tom Foley and Assemblyman Al Smith.

Joseph M. Hannon, then an Alderman, now Deputy Fire Commissioner, and Jimmy Walker's school days chum, had been elected to act as best man. When five o'clock arrived the entire bridal party was in attendance with the exception of two extremely important factors—the groom and the best man.

There was what might be called a stage wait of an hour. It appears that shortly before the time set for the wedding a fire alarm had been turned in, and Hannon, who was a thirty-third degree buff, had followed the engines, It was a big fire, and it was not until after five o'clock that the best man bethought himself of his engagement at St. Joseph's.

In the meantime the groom had been waiting for his best man at his home in St. Luke's Place, and had been in telephone connection with the church. After more than half an hour Jimmy Walker jumped into a cab and drove to the scene of the wedding. He would have drafted somebody else for his right bower but for the fact that the missing Alderman Hannon had the wedding ring.

The Alderman showed up at six o'clock. And as the bride moved down the aisle the organist, who was a friend and intense admirer of the bridegroom, struck up "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?"

Mgr. Edwards didn't know much about popular music, but he knew all the church airs. He knew that the tune which was pealing from the organ was not familiar, and inquired what it

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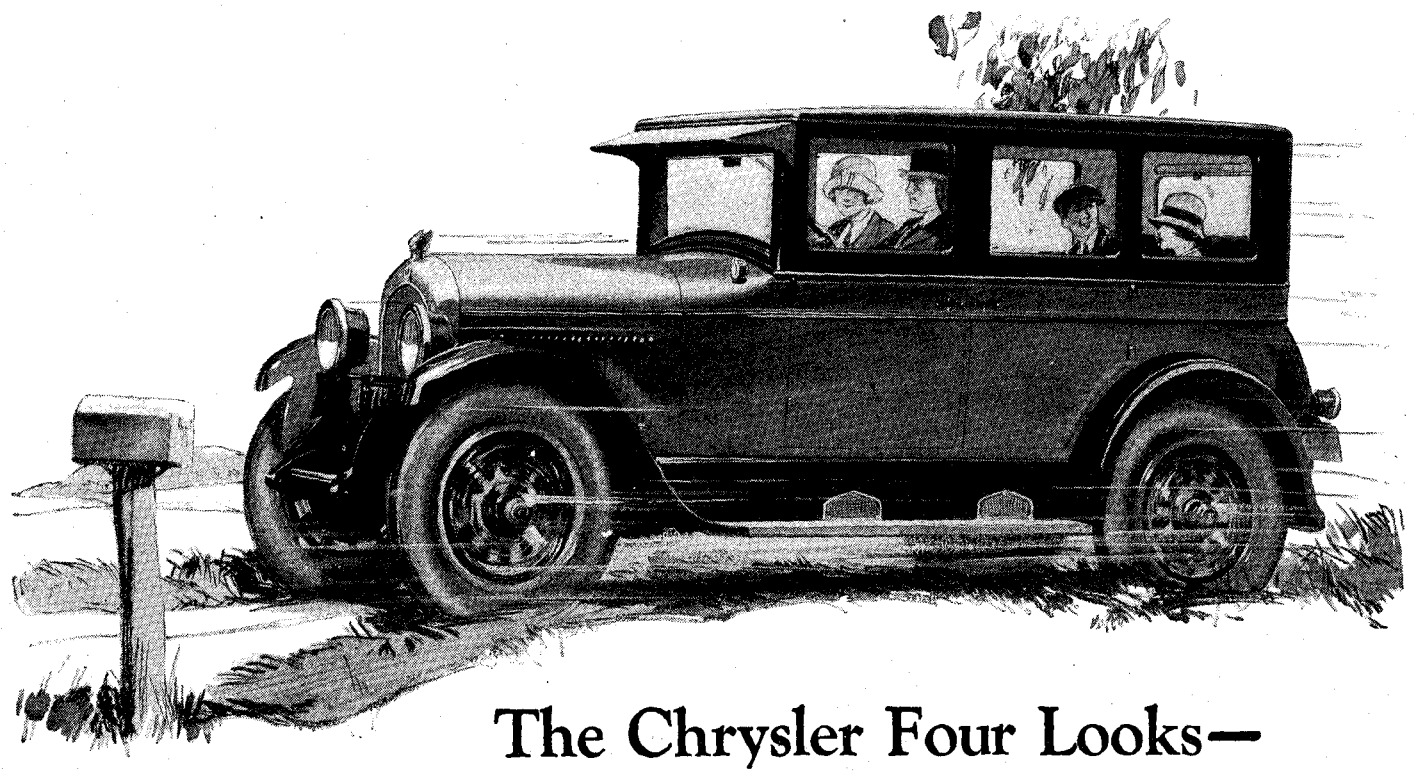

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It is acclaimed one of the most beautiful cars ever built—regardless of price.

The basis of its beauty is the science of proportion and balance known as dynamic symmetry, with which the famous Chrysler Six first captivated America.

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The motor is so quiet, the power flow even at low speeds is so continuous and dependable, and the pick-up is so powerful and rapid, that—it is difficult to realize it is a four.

This is the first car of its price with the option, at slight extra cost, of hydraulic four-wheel brakes.

Like the highest priced cars, it has positive force-feed lubrication, giving far more efficient lubrication with no increase in oil consumption.

All sense of vibration is gone because the engine is completely isolated from the chassis with floating platform spring in front, and rubber bushings and pads in rear.

The beautiful closed bodies by Fisher are built to the same high Chrysler standard of quality as the chassis.

These are but a few of the details which place the Chrysler Four above its price class and virtually above competition.

It is the most interesting car you have ever seen—a car that will richly repay a trip to your nearest Chrysler dealer's showroom. You'll find him willing and eager to submit it to any kind of a riding and driving test you may suggest.

Chrysler Four

The Touring Car	$895
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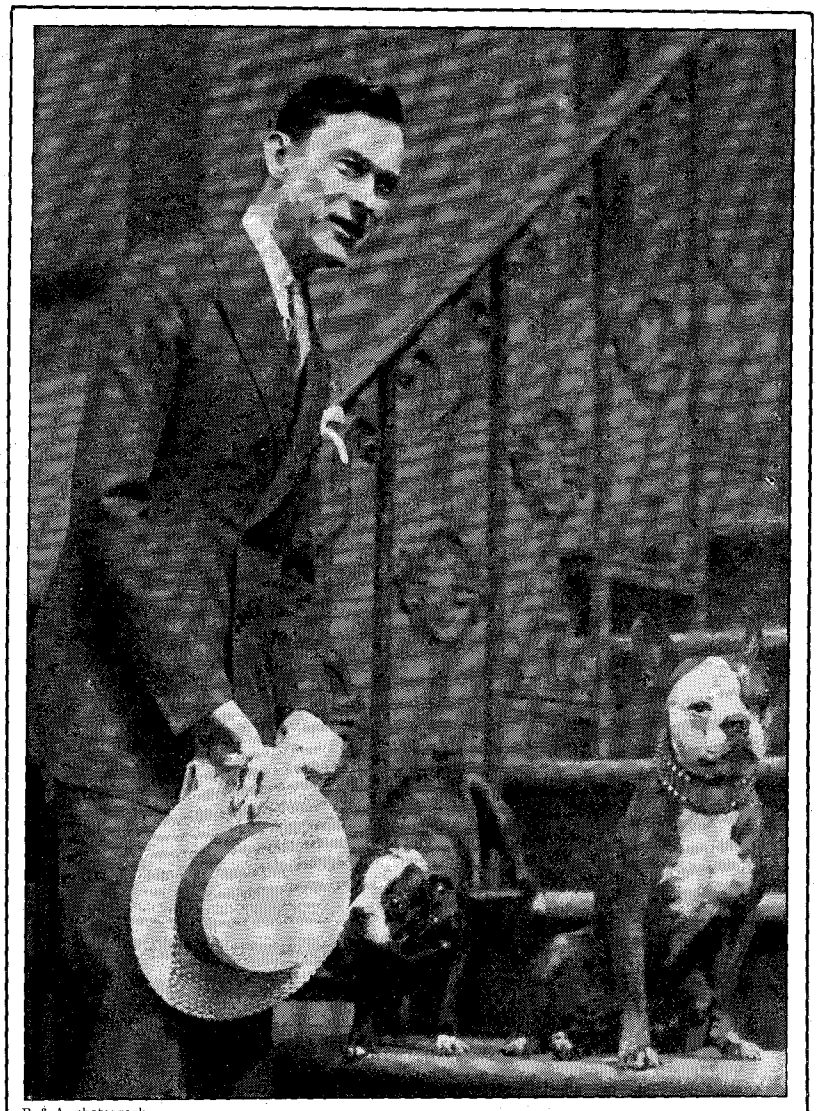
was of Frank Pendergast, head altar boy and master of ceremonies.

"That may be a good tune," commented the pastor, "but it shouldn't be played in church. See that it isn't played when they are going out."

And, of course, it wasn't. But the bridegroom's song continued to be sung and whistled while its day lasted, and so, in turn, did others of his composition. And now, we read, those youthful ballads are "coming home to roost," for much more is expected to be heard of them during the Mayoralty campaign. The Republican opposition has no intention of ignoring them, we are told, but is already making a skilful effort to attach them with a certain "mild ridicule" to the Senator's reputation, while the faction of Mayor Hylan is capitalizing the Senator's song-writing achievements, we read, in a similar spirit of satire. It is suggested that with "November" substituted for "December," and the name of any campaign month for "May" in the "Will You Love Me" song, it may take on a rich significance, either for or against its author, between now and election. Frederick B. Edwards writes in the New York *Herald Tribune* (Rep.):

When, and if, you can get State Senator James J. Walker off in a corner, talking songs, away from the multifarious bewilderments which beset a candidate, it is easy to discover about him many of the characteristics of the Broadway bard. An agile person, he shucks the cares of candidacy easily, and slips back gracefully to the time, twenty years ago, when ballad mongering was his avocation and he would rather write songs than legislation.

Perhaps this characteristic of easy reversion will militate against his chances in the Democratic primary fight. His opposition appears to think so and is stressing his Tin Pan Alley period in its broadsides. On the other hand, Broadway has rallied notably to his banners, and in almost every song mill in town perspiring lyricists are ardently riming "Walker" with "New Yorker," while equally moist composers struggle valiantly to fit tunes to the words.



P. & A. photograph

ON A GREENWICH VILLAGE "STOOP"

The type of old New York home in which Tammany's primary candidate for Mayor was born and still lives, is seen here as a background for the Senator and his pets, "Silver King" and "Bunk"

In the offices of M. Whitmark & Sons, where Walker himself once labored over the song which he calls "that December and May thing," Herbert Spencer, a Whitmark composer for many years, played yesterday with enthusiasm the piece which he says is destined to be "the official campaign song." Here is the chorus; words by Austin, music by Spencer:

> Jimmy Walker, a born New Yorker,
> A man you can't keep down.
> A worthy son of old Father Knick
> And a real he-man with a wonderful kick.
> Full of courage and a mighty good pal,
> The right-hand bower of Governor Al.
> Every New Yorker should make Jimmy Walker,
> WHAT?
> The Mayor of New York town.

"It's a peach of a gang song," said the composer, filled with the pride of authorship.

As for the candidate himself, altho he may ponder at times regretfully upon the irresponsibilities of the days when "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?" was the proudest achievement of his life, he insists that now, like St. Paul, he has "put away childish things."

"I haven't written a line of verse for years," the Tammany Troubadour said yesterday. "I've been too darn busy. A man who's in politics hasn't time to write songs, believe me."

But he will talk about the songs he used to write. He isn't, it seems, a bit ashamed of the lyrical achievements of his twenties. He has drawn more than $10,000 in royalties at 1½ cents a copy from "December and May," and the money is still coming in. State Senator Walker finds it difficult to be doleful at the recollection of that escapade. Who would be?

"My first song? 'Good-by, Eyes of Blue.' That was during the Spanish-American war. Everybody was writing good-by songs, so I wrote one. Whitmarks published it. It was fair, but not a sensation.

"Whitmarks had a man with them then who was comparatively new to Broadway. He came with a big reputation as a musician from the West, and everybody around the shop had a lot of respect for him as a musician, but the boys didn't somehow figure he could put over the popular stuff.

"I had a different idea about him, and one day, with nothing in my head but the title—'Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?' I wrote the line on a piece of paper and chucked it in front of him. I said, 'Ernie, how would you like to do a tune to a lyric with that as a refrain?' He said, 'Jim, you're the first song-writer to come to me and ask me a thing like that. Let me have it.'

"That was Ernest R. Ball. I went home. The folks were all out and I wrote that December and May thing in the kitchen. Ball did the music, and the song started him on his way.

"It was after that I met Edward B. Marks, who was a partner with Joseph W. Stern in the Stern music house. They gave me a contract and I fancy Marks must have a number of lyrics I wrote for him still on the shelves. They published 'I Like Your Way,' which was a hit, and a number of others that weren't such a much."

Resemblances between Senator Walker's career and that of Governor Smith are pointed out by Martin Green, who writes:

Except that James J. Walker had the advantage of a collegiate education his career closely parallels that of another distinguished product of the sidewalks of New York, Alfred E. Smith. Senator Walker is as representative of the lower west side as Governor Smith is of the lower east side. Born eight years and scarcely a mile apart, each with the natural advantages of mental receptiveness, industry, wit and gift of expression, they advanced in their native city side by side, and, while the east side boy has gone farther, it is interesting to recall that when Al Smith was elected Governor he was in his forty-fifth year, and that, in point of age, is where Senator Walker is located at present.

Senator Walker lives to-day and has lived for thirty-three years a short block away from the house in which he was born. He springs from a part of Manhattan completely unknown to

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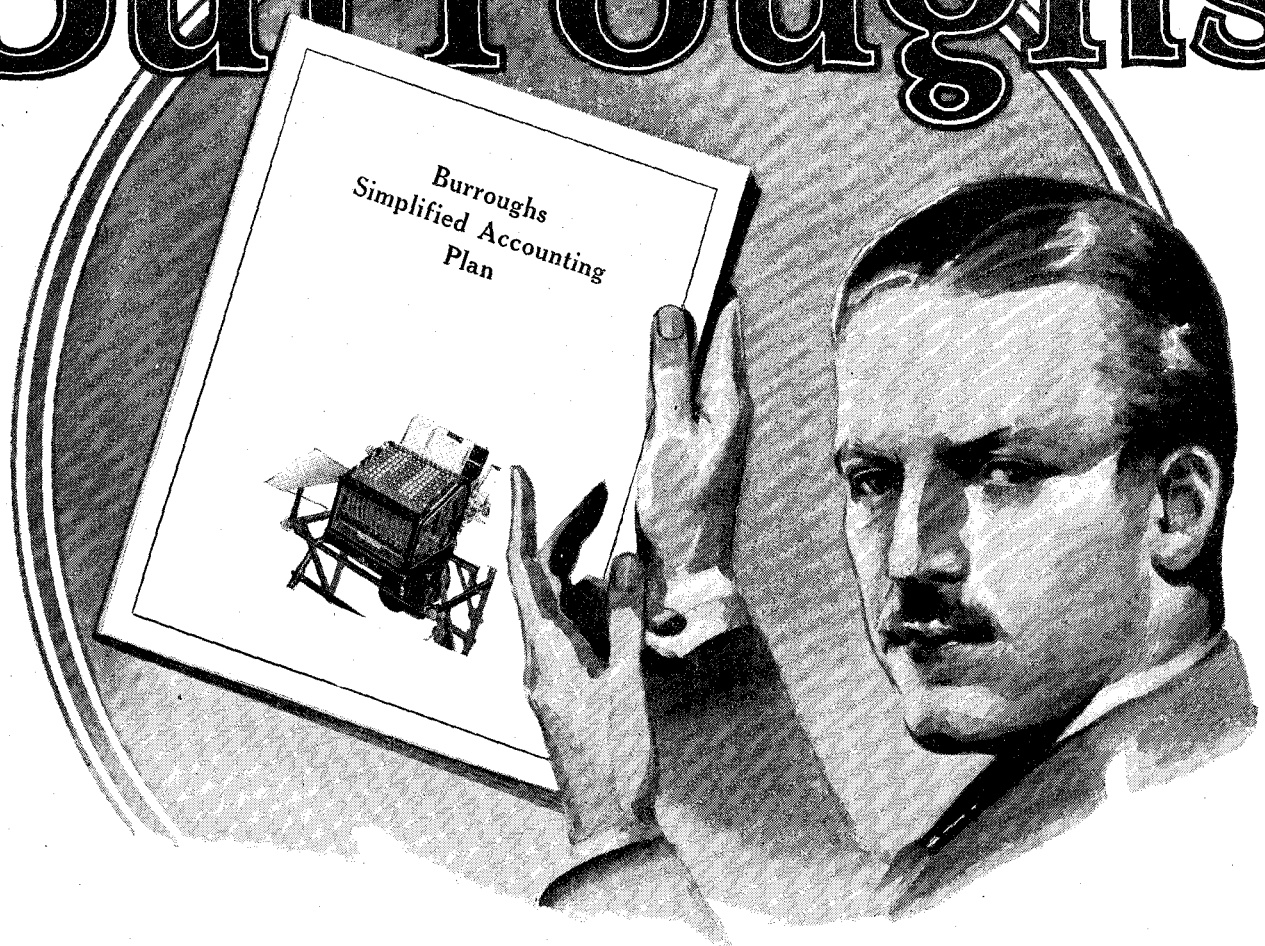

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those not intimately associated with it, the heart of old Greenwich Village where Fourth Street crosses 10th, 11th and 12th, and the unfamiliar visitor starts for the North River and winds up in the general vicinity of Jefferson Market.

Leroy Street, in what is properly Greenwich Village—not the village of cabarets and synthetic Bohemians—runs from Bleecker Street down to the river. That part of Leroy Street between Hudson and Bedford streets is known as St. Luke's Place and was named after St. Luke's Chapel of Trinity Parish in Hudson Street. In St. Luke's Place there are seventeen neat little houses, and Senator Walker lives in No. 6.

If his arm is as good now as it was when he played on "The Farm" along the river front in his youth, he can stand in front of his home and throw a baseball to No. 110 Leroy Street, where he was born.

WALL STREET MAN RESTS BY TAMING TIGERS

IT'S BULLS AND BEARS IN BUSINESS HOURS, but when the time comes for "slippered ease," the senior vice-president of a New York stock brokerage house turns his attention to lions, tigers, leopards, and elephants, of which he has a lively private collection. This zoological stockbroker is introduced to the reading public by Arthur Reaves. We learn that he is Charles W. Beall, of Harris, Forbes & Company, and that he is "recognized as an authority on public utility mortgages," besides being the proud possessor of a happy family of pets, including "three lions, two tigers, three elephants, six leopards, one jaguar, six bears, and two monkeys." After which careful catalog in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, the reader is prepared for the announcement that Mr. Beall's is "one of the finest private collections of wild animals in the world." And we are told that all day Saturday and Sunday, "and sometimes after business hours on weekdays," the financier can be found in his menagerie, which gives a unique interest to his home at Woodhaven, Long Island.

Photograph by courtesy of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*

THIS FINANCIER'S STRANGE RECREATION

Mr. Beall is shown here with one of his formidable pets, a tiger that he has personally trained to have polite manners and to go through certain performances for the entertainment of spectators.

In explanation of his rare hobby, Mr. Beall cites the influences of heredity. His predilection for a personal zoo is associated in his mind with the tastes of his forefathers.

"You see, for generations back my family went in for that sort of thing," he is quoted as saying. "Every once in a while it breaks out in one of us."

His father hunted big game, it appears, and other members of his family took an interest in the training of wild animals. And his hobby has a favorable economic aspect, inasmuch as his big pets more than pay for their upkeep. Theatrical organizations and carnivals hire them, and pay well for the privilege of using them in their performances. We read further:

"I always had animals about me," he said. "I don't mean by that that I was born in a lion's den. As a baby I had a dog, cat, and parrot, and ever since I can remember I found great amusement in teaching them tricks. Then later I got rabbits and raccoons. The first really wild animal I had was a bear cub."

"Which of the wild animals are you fondest of training?" we asked.

"Elephants. They are so intelligent, more intelligent than any other animals. The three I own are eight, nine, and ten years old. I have had them for two years.

"Of course, it is hard to generalize about animals. Each one has a different personality, temperament, and disposition, just as each human being has. Some animals are so vicious they never can be trained. Some are so bad that it isn't safe to allow them in the same cage with other creatures of the same species. The animal kingdom has its bad actors, its criminals, just as society has.

"Practically all of the wild members of the cat family are unsafe to be with when food is in the cage. There are two tigers in my collection, however, that I can feed with my bare hands.

"It is not generally known, but the tiger is more dangerous than the lion. The tiger is more treacherous; it leaps when you least expect it. It will spring at your throat just at the moment when it seems best-tempered. It will be purring one moment and an uncontrollable killer the next. The lion, tho not by any means a dove of peace, will give you more warning before it attacks.

"Have you ever noticed how a trainer before putting one or two animals through their routine will get the others in the cage up on stands along the back of the arena? If you observe carefully you will see that those stands are very small. They are designed that way so the lions or tigers will not have room enough to leap at the trainer."

Any reader ambitious of founding a private zoo is warned by Mr. Beall to beware of his pets when they are kittenish. As we read:

"Another thing that is hard for the layman to realize is that wild animals are most dangerous when they are playing with you. When they are in a vicious mood you can tell it and take precautions, but when they are more friendly they give you loving little pats with their paws. Now when they pat each other in that manner it's all right. They have tough skin and thick hair. But a human being might easily lose an ear or an arm from their joyful little swipes."

"What do you think of Jack London's idea that all training of wild animals is cruel?" we next asked.

"Well, there's a great lot of bunk in his books. It is true, however, that some of the men training wild animals with our circuses should never be allowed in the cages. I know two men who are perfectly barbarous in their methods. They use loaded whips and beat the lions and tigers unmercifully.

"But they will get theirs, of course. Animals never forget or

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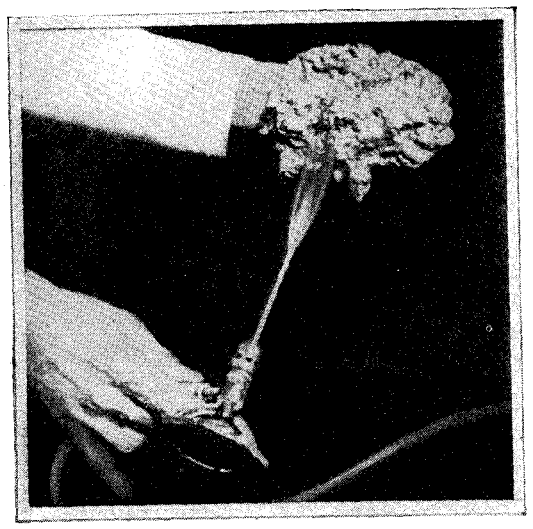

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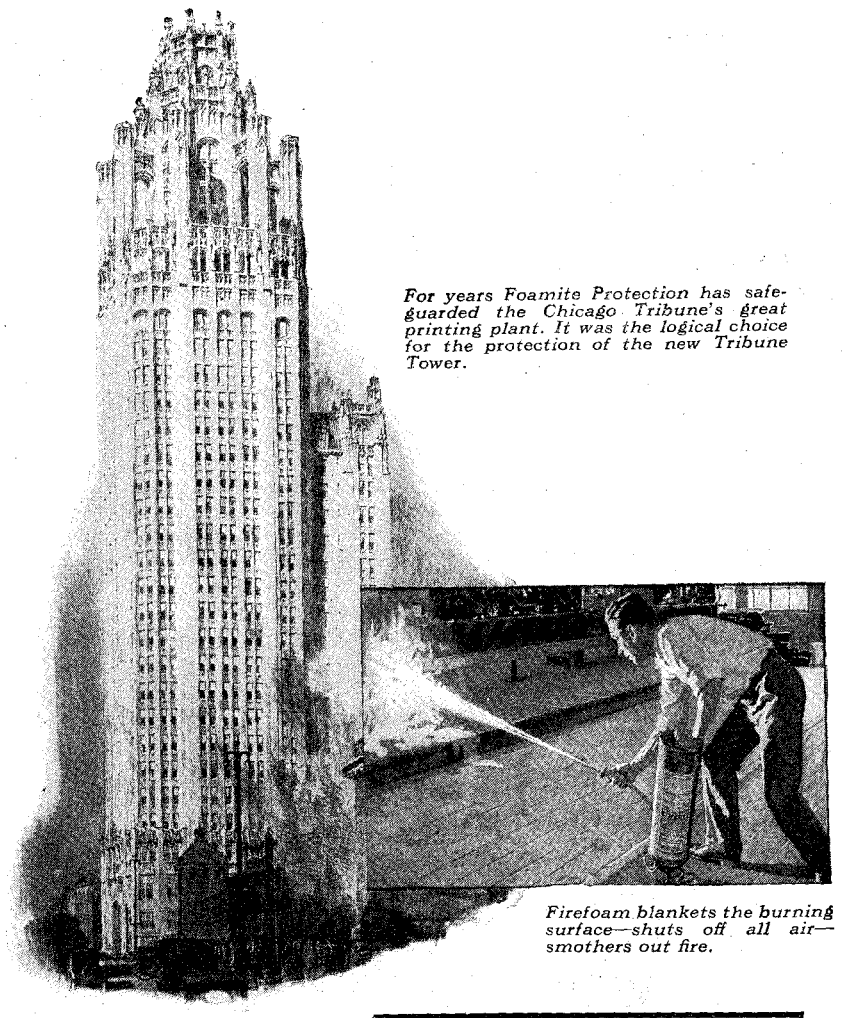

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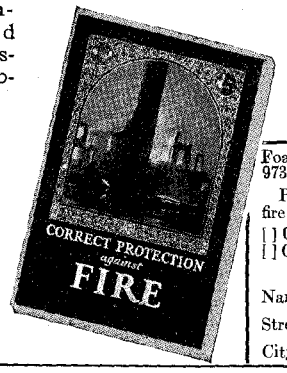

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forgive those who mistreat them. Some day that pair will be killed, and I won't be sorry to hear of it. They deserve such a fate.

"The real secret of training is to bluff the animals into thinking you are their master. There is only one way to find out whether an animal can be trained, and that is by feeling him out.

"First, you merely stand near the cage so he will get used to your presence. Then you stand right up to the bars. Of course, few of them like you at first. But if they are at all tamable they get used to you after a while. After a few days you open the door of the cage and stick your head in. It is best to do that when the animal is at the other end of the arena. Even at that you sometimes have to shut the door very quickly if you care for your life at all. The next day you stick half your body into the cage and then, of course, you step in.

"There is no time limit for this, no hard set and fast rule. Every animal differs from every other one. However, one thing is certain, you have to be with a beast day in and day out if you wish to train him."

The interviewer pointed out to Mr. Beall that Ringling Brothers' circus has discontinued the use of animal acts.

"This is not an indication that the animal act is going out of vogue," he said. "Remember that a circus shows in many of the same towns every season. Each year they must have new novelties and features. The Ringling people, I believe, have been featuring animal acts for several years. It is natural that they should discontinue them for a while, as the public has probably tired of them.

"Of course, I have no way of knowing when they will take them up again or, for that matter, whether they will ever use them again. Animal acts are expensive in the matter of time, money and men. They have to be transported just so, and transferred to the various cages with the utmost care for fear they will escape.

"When an animal does get away, there is havoc. There wouldn't be any panic if the general public only understood that the beast which has just won its way to freedom is twice as frightened of them as they are of him."

For the benefit of the speculative reader who might wonder how a private zoo would conform with a tranquil domestic life, it is announced that Mr. Beall is unmarried. He is quoted as saying:

"Getting back to the cruelty question, it is my personal opinion that horses and dogs suffer much more in being broken than do the wilder beasts. Horses, especially, and not particularly those being trained for the circus, go through horrible suffering while being broken for the harness."

Some weeks ago the employees of Harris, Forbes and Company gave their own circus in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Pennsylvania. Naturally enough the senior vice-president of the firm was ringmaster and chief performer. However, the office force all pitched in and helped—some were freaks, others acrobats, and one girl, with the courage of Joan of Arc, consented to be a snake-charmer with real reptiles as the accessories.

We asked Mr. Beall if he never had yearnings to crack the whip in the professional sawdust ring.

"I got the yearnings all right," he answered with a smile, "but unfortunately there is not enough money in it."

It was in 1891 that the present senior vice-president started in his business career with N. W. Harris and Company, now Harris, Forbes and Company. His salary was three dollars a week. He comes from a wealthy Southern family, but financial losses sent him searching for work at an early age.

His rise to his present position, second only to that of president, was steady and sure. The company specializes in public utilities and public-utility securities.

In 1920 Mr. Beall was appointed by President Wilson to the Federal Electric Railway Commission. At that time the electric-railway business was in a precarious condition. Mr. Beall was responsibile in a large way for the constructive recommendations made to the President which proved the salvation of the electric railways.

For years Mr. Beall was interested in the Naval Reserve, of which he is now a member. But closest of all to his heart is his menagerie.

Mr. Beall relates that when he was a lad he followed the doings of the great animal-trainers with the same interest that boys of to-day confer upon the pitching of Walter Johnson and the home-running of Babe Ruth. He made the acquaintance of one of these "animal men," we read, and through him made his first real wild-animal acquisition—a pair of bear cubs. From that point he began to develop his power as an animal-trainer—a power that he attributes largely to "bluff."

A CREDIT EXPERT ANALYZES MOVIE QUEENS' MORALS

AS A COLD INSURANCE PROPOSITION, the personal behavior that goes with the princely salaries paid at Hollywood has now been graded, weighed and tabulated. We are told that this process was desirable to the underwriters "in view of the unusually large-size policies of all kinds—life insurance, accident insurance, etc.—placed on the motion-picture stars." And the final report, written by Elmer W. Jones, of the Retail Credit Company, is put forward as a fulfilment of the needs "of those who go out for the insurance companies and make a report on them from the standpoint of moral hazard." As presented in *The Eastern Underwriter*, the report deals quite frankly with "the primrose path" that is alleged to be a much traveled highway of Hollywood life. Mr. Jones writes:

To try to cover the morals of those in the movie world would be as futile as for one hound to try to chase successfully two rabbits at the same time. My observations lead me to state that laxity in morals is almost strikingly predominant. The theory that a prominent director or an influential leading man often steers the moral barge of the young actress who has set sail for stellar seas is quite prevalent in this section. This is stoutly denied by those in the business to whom I have talked; they laugh at the possibility, and attribute the theory to jealousy on the part of the unsuccessful and the gyrating imaginations of the gossiping public. Again my personal observations lead me to state that it is an individual and a personal proposition; there are several roads to stardom. The morals of the individual in question must be considered with the knowledge that those interested will often severely torture veracity in fostering their interests. They admit that "pull" is a potential factor.

Night life and individual habits are questions of interest. There are many hotels, cabarets, and road-houses in this section, and movie nights are a part of the program and attraction when movie people take a fancy to the individual place. Here their actions are synchronized with those of the attending general public. There are those, however, who do not attend, but lead a quiet life; some are religiously inclined and participate in church activities; others enjoy the comforts of home and children. So again movie folk as a group can not be caught in one net.

When at work, these people work hard. During the filming, they are necessarily at attention and concentrated in their work. Relaxation is natural during short intermissions for rearrangements, etc., and they are inclined to mix fun with their work. Pictures are made at all times of the day or night, even on the lot, and it is often necessary to make very early morning starts in order to reach locations at the hour appropriate for the exposure. Trips of all kinds are taken, to the beaches, to the mountains in summer and in winter (for snow scenes), to the deserts, through the East, the North, the South, and into foreign countries. As far as possible, work is done at the studio.

While at work, they are engaged in business and everything is conducted on prearranged schedules. Moral conditions are guarded; men's dressing-rooms are in one place and women's in another. There is no visiting. Some contracts include a moral or health clause—a gain of six or eight pounds, failure to keep in condition and retain the physical and facial characteristics which make them valuable vitiate the contract. Claim is made to temperance because they can not afford to do otherwise. They drink socially, but the claim is made that they are in better condition to stand this than similar indulgers in public life because of their systematic health programs which necessitate exercise, proper eating, and care in general. Keeping fit is termed 50 per cent. of the game.

So much for the stars of the movie firmament, and now the credit expert turns his searchlight on the humble "extras." He writes:

Many of those playing minor rôles are on a regular salary basis while others are paid only for the time during which they work. The latter are termed extras. This group represents a field of surer moral hazard.

Those in minor rôles are ambitious to go higher and are willing to make almost any sacrifice to crystallize their desires. To be a star is their soul's desire, and other things are either suppress or made subservient to the controlling passion. Many have no chance for success, but are subjects for pity. They seldom seek insurance for themselves, and the employer has no insurable interest. This is worse in the small studios. Reports on those in this group should be objects of extreme care.

Extras represent all types of people. There are those who

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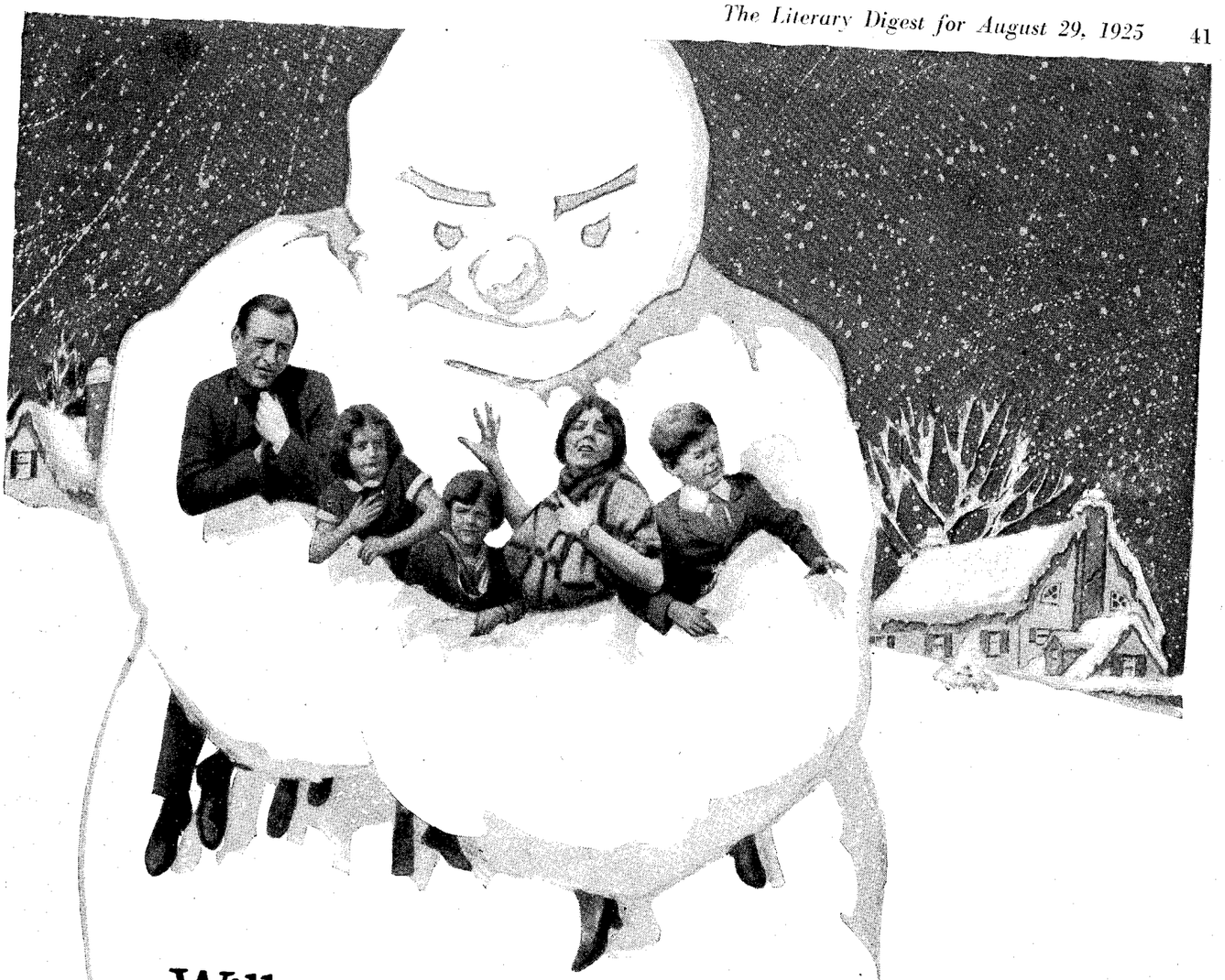

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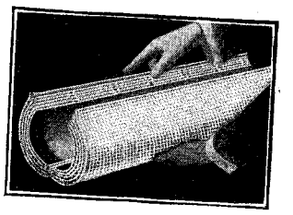

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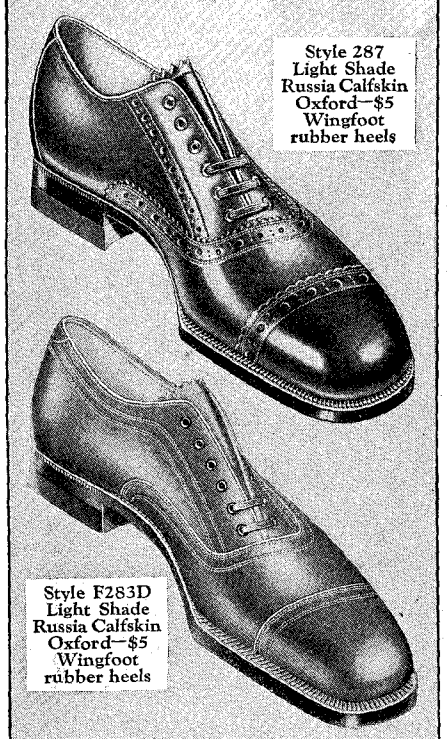

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

participate for amusement and the "being in the movies." The bulk of them follow it as a means of livelihood, and among these can be found many human derelicts, much driftwood and morally unstable humanity. Occasionally one of these will represent a type and attain permanent connections and success. This makes the past record of all stars a subject for close scrutiny when applications for insurance are made.

The greatest hazards, other than that of morals, seem to be nervous strain and injury to the eyes. All participants are exposed to these, and many suffer with their eyes. As stated, the bulk of the work is done inside and much outside work is done at night. Powerful artificial lights are necessary. Stages are filled with well-insulated, high-voltage wires. On a small set-up with only three actors, I noticed twenty high-powered lights with their rays concentrated on a spot about eight or ten feet square. The most powerful light is the one-million-candle-power sun arc, and during the filming of certain scenes of the "Hunchback of Notre Dame" fifty of these sun arcs and three hundred smaller arcs were used. During these scenes this one studio consumed 20 per cent. of the power of the City of Los Angeles.

Untrained persons look directly into this glare, and those trained suffer from constant exposure. The resulting affliction is termed Kleig eyes (name of the lamp), and causes temporary blindness, irritation, and inflammation. Work on a picture was recently delayed for six weeks because of this ailment among leads and other members of the company.

Mr. Jones draws attention to the fact that the motion-picture industry "revolves around its stars." He continues:

On the popularity of the individual hinges the bulk of the expenditure in producing any picture. The more famous the cast the wider the range. Once a picture is begun it is impossible to switch the leads without scrapping all that has been done and beginning anew. The death of a star necessitates the abandonment of all unfinished productions. Those which have been completed but not released are seldom ever released. There is also a tremendous depreciation in the value of those already released and on the market. The general process is to place all pictures featuring the deceased star on the market and sell all rights to the highest bidder. The returns from such a sale are considered negligible.

An insurable interest in a star under contract is evident. Consequently, a number of producers take insurance on the lives of their stars and keep the same in force so long as their contracts are in force and for several years thereafter. At the termination of a contract, unless some new agreement is made with the star, the value of the insurance begins to decline and the insurable interest to disappear. At the end of five to eight years, pictures are said to have lost all sale value. In view of this, the insurance is continued for five or six years after the loss of a star and then allowed to lapse. This, in part, accounts for the high lapse ratio. Contracts are usually made for from one to five years, and the duration of the contract becomes an underwriting point of interest.

GUNNING FOR THE SMUGGLERS OF CONTRABAND IMMIGRANTS

THE "underground railroad" for the furtive importation of unwelcome aliens across the Northern border is the scene of exciting incidents of hunt and capture, one of which is described by Boyden Sparks under the suggestive title "Crashing the Gate." He introduces us first to an aspiring Greek—aspiring of entrance to the United States—whose sonorous name is Anartharios Georgiou Anastaron. Mr. Anastaron is depicted walking along a Montreal thoroughfare that is described as "the beginning of a corridor through which flows illegally into the United States a stream of alien humanity." The Main, as it is called, is "a dirty street that bisects Montreal from river to river." Its odors and vices are compared with those once associated with New York's Bowery. Writing in *Collier's, the National Weekly*, Mr. Sparks tells us:

Anartharios Georgiou Anastaron walked along that disreputable street. An undersized French Canadian in a gray ulster bustled across and, finding that he was "Grik" and wanted to go "Unistate," took him to another Greek. How much money had Anartharios? Eighty-five dollars. Too bad. It took $98 to get him into the United States. But the Montreal Greek would lend his countryman the rest, and he could send it back out of his first half day's pay. Anartharios handed his money to the other Greek. He held half a torn bill which Gray Ulster was to bring back before he could collect.

For nearly two years Henri Charron had been "runnin' ale'yuns." He would drive for thirty or forty or fifty miles and deliver them to some hotel or lodging-house or farm in New York or Vermont —and get for a load sometimes as much as twice the market value of his eight-cylinder automobile.

Then Henri Charron became a member of a syndicate, because "ale'yun runnin'" was so easy and so profitable that competition for raw material became too desperate for the successful operation of a single smuggler. Certain members of the syndicate, speaking the language of the immigrants, rounded them up and charged them $75 or $100 apiece, plus an $8 head tax, which somehow served to make the immigrants believe that the American officers at the border were being corrupted.

Our government immigration inspectors with commendable vigilance watched and examined all railroad passengers crossing the border; but until last year there was no patrol force worthy of the name, and the smugglers, of course, were using every mode of transport except railroads. Then Congress provided for a force of immigration patrolmen. The right-of-way of the Canadian "underground railroad" that begins in Montreal is about sixty miles wide at the border and extends from Alburg, Vermont, to Malone, New York. There are more than fifty-four international roads important enough to figure on maps, to say nothing of innumerable dirt farm roads, to be watched. In this region the men in charge of the immigration service of the United States Department of Labor placed eight patrolmen, putting them under the command of an enthusiastic hunter of alien smugglers, Antonio Bonazzi.

His associates in less than half a year caught 298 aliens in the region between

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Alburg and Malone. Incidentally, they caught thirty-seven automobile loads of liquor, and one automobile loaded with imported toilet articles, and two burglars, a purely gratuitous labor of love, for the pair were turned over to the New York authorities. The game Bonazzi plays is a sort of international "I spy." His aids are young men who had taken a civil service examination for the job of railway mail clerk. They had passed and so they were put on the government pay-roll at $1,600 a year, given forty-five-caliber six-shooters (somehow the smugglers seem to prefer automatics), plenty of authority, a blessing and a motor-cycle. They work out of the Rouses Point, New York, subdistrict of district No. 1 of the immigration service.

The telephone there was ringing. Bonazzi listened.

"That was Montreal," he told his men. "Henri Charron has started down with a load of Greeks. We got to get him this time. Our man saw him leave. It's a seven-passenger touring car. Come on, now, you fellows. Get that blinking Charron to-night. I don't mean just get his Wops or Greeks or his Russian Jews. This time get *him*."

Anartharios Georgiou Anastaron was feeling happy as well as sleepy. Not much more than an hour after leaving Montreal he had been informed by the chauffeur that he was in the land of his dreams, in the place where dishwashers got $45 a day. He was in the United States.

After half an hour the automobile turned into a farmyard, and in second gear growled its way through the muck to a place in the rear of a huge barn. Then the chauffeur went to the dark farmhouse, was admitted and did some telephoning.

Presently he emerged, yelled at the Greeks, and started his engine. Back on the road he began to drive furiously. After half an hour or so the car rolled into a small town. It was Plattsburg, and near railroad tracks the car came to a stop before a small hotel.

It was while the hotel clerk and the man in the gray ulster were writing in a book on the counter that two men rushed into the place with huge forty-five revolvers drawn and ready to shoot. Anartharios thought that they were going to kill him; but they were interested chiefly in the man in the gray ulster.

"That fellow Charron was a funny one," commented Bonazzi after testifying at Utica. "Think of him charging those poor devils a head tax! He pleaded guilty on two counts and went to Atlanta for a year, four months and a day, and had a $5,000 fine slapped on him in the bargain. What became of his Greeks? Queer names all of them, Anartharios something or other. Three months in jail for 'em and then deportation."

Charron was only one of many, we are told, for the business of alien-running, "like a newly discovered gold-field," has attracted men from many occupations. We read:

Not all of them are Canadians. There was Edward Cronk, a New York State Trooper, who "went bad." He was fired out of the constabulary, but before he was caught with a load of aliens this side of the border he had a charge of automobile-stealing against him. Judge Frank Cooper at Utica, New York, sentenced him to serve five years in Atlanta and fined him $9,000. John Passero, whose specialty was the importation of Italians, was given a two-year

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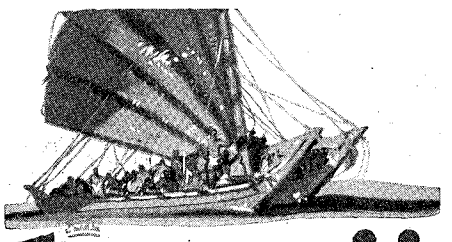

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

sentence and a $4,000 fine at the same session of court.

Chinese, Japanese and East Indian coolies are getting in, finding a market for their cheap labor. Women from the red-light districts of the Old World are coming in.

Bonazzi and the other patrol inspectors of the immigration service are doing their work. But they are watching for aliens only. Customs officers are watching for smugglers of commodities or jewels. Prohibition agents are hot after booze-runners. Narcotic agents are on the trail of the dope smugglers. The Department of Agriculture has its agents who decline to permit travelers to bring in oranges or animals without complying with difficult regulations; and there are other border guards doing specialized forms of police work, and each service is failing because of the magnitude of the area to be guarded.

It would not require an army to guard the borders effectively if these police activities were combined. A single organization as good as the Pennsylvania constabulary or the New York State Troopers, properly trained and equipped and with the authority of the United States back of it, could close up the holes and make "ale'yun runnin'" as rash as suicide or murder; could stop rum-runners and make any form of smuggling a hazardous occupation instead of a merry pastime.

BEAUTY TREATMENT IMPROVES A BLACK DANDY

A CLEAN shave with a chip of broken bottle-glass was an important part of the toilet of an aboriginal beau, in far-northern Australia, as described by Capt. G. H. Wilkins, who has been collecting specimens in that region for the British Museum. *The New Zealand Herald* quotes Captain Wilkins as follows:

The young man Yarra, who had until now been sporting a pointed beard, pendant from his chin, while the rest of his cheeks were shaven, decided to attend to tonsorial matters, so he uncovered a broken bottle from the sandy floor of the cave, and, chipping small fragments from it with his tomahawk, he dry-shaved his cheeks with the sharp-edged pieces that were no bigger than a threepenny bit. This was done without the aid of a looking-glass, yet he miraculously escaped from cutting his skin. He felt his smoothened cheeks and stroked his beard, and then mixed a little of the white clay used for their drawings and painted an oval mark about his eyes and eyebrows.

While this was drying, Yarra sat up with his back against a stone while two other men pulled each joint of his arms and produced a cracking noise. First the shoulder, then the elbow—this was done by swinging the arm sharply downward—then the wrists, and every joint of the fingers. The men on each side endeavored to pull the joints so that they cracked in unison, and if this happened there were bursts of laughter.

When each joint of the arms and hands had cracked, the attendants transferred their attention to the legs. Knees and ankles were twisted until they snapt, and then each toe in turn was pulled. In order to get a better pull, the attendants placed their feet against the patient and pulled for all they were worth. With this semi-dislocating process finished, Yarra seemed quite content and lolled about in the manner of a dude fresh from a Turkish bath.

But he was not long contented. He decided to be clean-shaven, or at least clean-faced, and, after a short consultation with his attendants, they collected some of the beeswax we had gathered and rubbed it on his beard. Then one of them sat astride him and they called in the services of a third man, who held Yarra's head upon the ground. The other man rolled two or three hairs of the beard together with the wax and plucked them out by the roots. Each tuft required a considerable effort to remove it, and one would have thought it a most painful process.

The operators certainly enjoyed it, and Yarra kept up a stuttering chant of "Jesus Loves Me," half-English, half-native, his voice smothering each time a jerk by the barber closed his lower jaw. The whole effect was most ludicrous, and every one, including Yarra, laughed heartily. The operation was completed in about twenty minutes. Yarra's chin was free from hair, and his mustache had been plucked from the ends until only a "Charlie Chaplin" effect was left. The attendants massaged the newly plucked skin, and the process was over.

The men then settled down to various occupations. Some painted designs on sticks; others smoked, and one man started to make a belt by spinning human hair on a primitive form of spindle.

I spent several days with these people. Each day we hunted "sugarbags," and ate the heart of palm-trees, but gathered no other food, and then Yarra and his friends accompanied me to within a mile or so of the mission station.

I was well pleased with the trip. I had gained the confidence of the natives so far as to be accepted into their camp and to meet and photograph their women. So far as I know, it is the first time that a white man has lived in the camp of Groote Eylanders, who had their women with them.

Captain Wilkins relates his experiences while taking photographs in the women's camp. We read:

One or two of the women were exceedingly nervous in front of the camera, but they soon lost their fear, and watched with interest as I photographed the others. Only the married men and small boys had accompanied me to the women's camp. Three young men who were not married were not allowed to see the women at close quarters, tho their camp was not far away, and they must often see them in the distance.

As we sat and talked as best we could, the father of the baby nursed and fondled it, and the women busied themselves about the fire, talking among themselves and examining the calico I had given them. One of them was persuaded to give me in exchange her bark dress, which was made up of five strips of bark, neatly and cleverly sewn together. They showed me the old tin cans they had gathered together, and which were now decorated with various designs scratched upon them.

Every one was in the best of humor that day, and songs were sung and jokes were told. They performed a sort of bat-corroboree in the cave, and on hands and knees they crawled about, or leapt in the air in time with the clicking of stones together and the beating of sticks.

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A most interesting physiological difference was noticed between these natives and white people, when they crawled, not only in the bat-dance, but when crawling normally. The natives move forward with their fingers turned to the rear and dragging behind, instead of fingers foremost as most whites do.

When the natives tired of the bat-dance they settled down to sing and chant, and sang, for my benefit no doubt, some of Moody and Sankey's hymns that they had learned from the missionaries. Mr. Lousada, one of the mission workers, has learned something of their language, and he has taught the natives to sing hymns, one verse in English and the next in the native tongue.

"HIS HONOR, THE GREATEST GANG LEADER IN THE U. S. A."

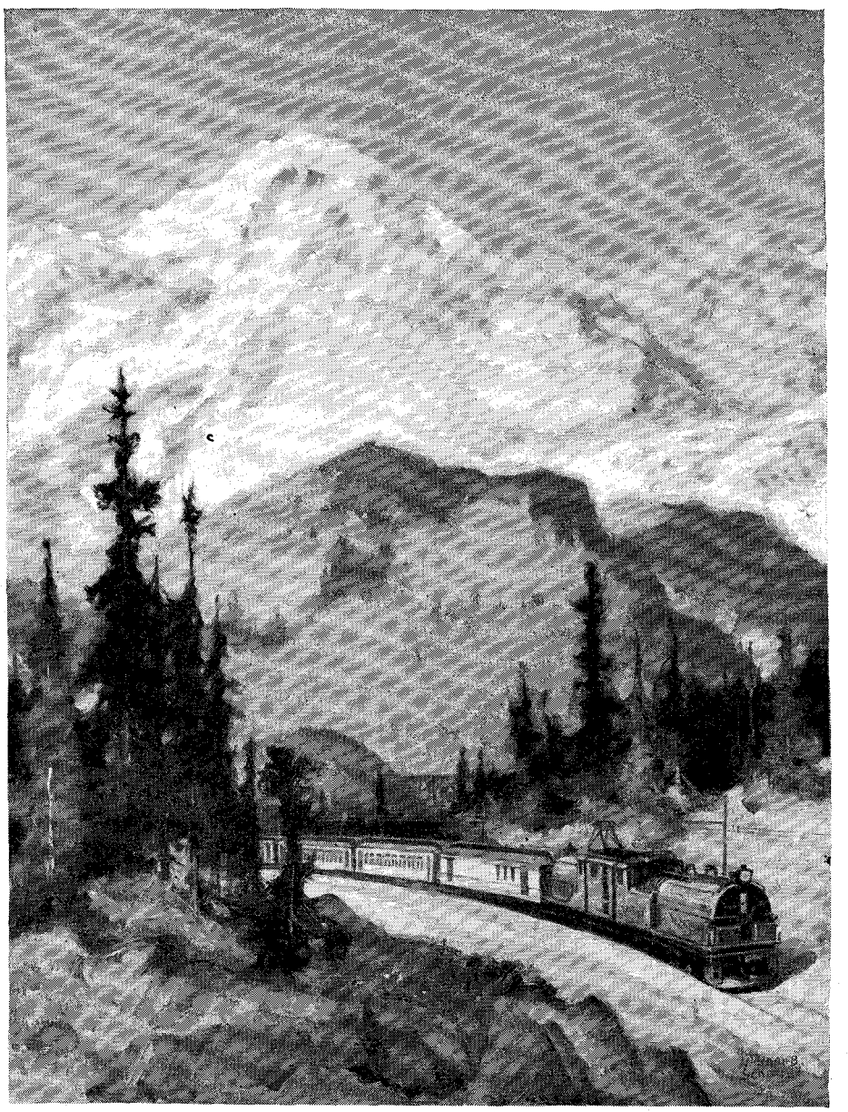
JUDGE TENSARD DE WOLF, of the Pittsburgh Morals Court, is prouder of the above unofficial title than of his more formal judicial designation, we are told by a writer in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. "Don't break up the gangs, but encourage them, keep them busy, and divert the gang spirit to useful social ends"—such is the principle on which he has worked a mighty improvement, we read, in the behavior of the juvenile element in his city. The boyish quality that he banks upon most surely is the intense loyalty that constitutes the very essence of the gang spirit. We read:

The very characteristic, loyalty, which makes a gang a thing of menace is also the handle of the jug by which the situation can be grasped. Boys, at the playtime of their lives, naturally gravitate about a lad whose personality has captured the imagination. He may hold his invisible, but very real, scepter because of bodily strength but more often he rules through a certain daring of spirit and inventiveness of mind. He plans the harmless foray or plots the escapade which, rising with the crescendo of boyish enthusiasm, becomes an infraction of the law.

Once the policeman's hand has closed on the shoulder of the juvenile gangster the boy's loyalty dominates him and his lips are sealed. Tell on his companions? Never! Telling, turning informer, is the offense beyond forgiveness in the mind of the normal boy—even gray-haired boys still hold to this article of the faith—and nine times out of ten he keeps his tongue locked fast behind his teeth. Now this same characteristic, if respected and encouraged, will prove the salvation of the little gangster. He is shown that he can just as easily be loyal to right as to wrong, and on this is the theory Judge De Wolf has built successfully.

Altho the number of arrests has decreased more than 50 per cent. in the six years the magistrate has been running the Morals Court, the work has more than doubled. Magistrate De Wolf is now handling upward of 12,000 cases a year. The scope has been expanded to other fields, and a remarkable campaign of social service has been launched. Through the information about home conditions obtained by the court, every social organization in Pittsburgh has been able to expand its work and direct its energies into channels where the most good will be accomplished.

Six years ago, before his program was put into operation, the police rounded up 5,010 boys and young men less than 21 years of age, for all sorts of violations of the



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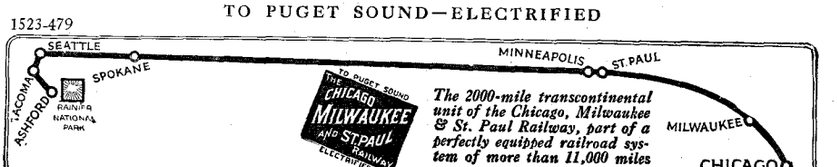

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law. Last year, according to figures just compiled, they were able to find only 2,493—a reduction of more than 50 per cent. And that was accomplished in spite of an annual 3 per cent. growth in the population of Pittsburgh, a corresponding increase in the Police Court, and a tremendous expansion of the Morals Court's own facilities for the prevention of crime.

The figures tell their own story of what happens when gangs are encouraged instead of being persecuted. They seem amazing, at first glance, but in reality they are just what any one with common sense would expect when the magistrate explains.

"The gang is a natural social organization," he says. "Its roots go back to the beginnings of civilization. Only one other unit of society is older, and that, of course, is the family. According to all the ethnologists, the first step out of savagery taken by the earliest forebears of the human race was the formation of clans, or groups, for the dual purpose of offense and defense. It was only by hunting in groups, or gangs, that early man with his primitive weapons was able to cope with the wild beasts that furnished him first with food and later with protection against the cold.

"The development of character, which we call the social instinct, is an outgrowth of the group spirit. Man has become gregarious with civilization—you might almost use the words as synonyms. No matter on what page of history you look, you will read of the exploits of men in groups. Nothing great has ever been accomplished without unity of action. An army, after all, is only a disciplined gang or collection of gangs.

"Consider the gang in that light, and the thought of attempting to break it up becomes absurd. In the very nature of things the gang instinct thrives on opposition. It doesn't matter whether the motive in attempting to destroy it is worthy or not. The gangster doesn't see it in that light. And as I see it the whole trouble with most of a great deal of the crime-prevention work is that it doesn't take the point of view of the potential criminal into consideration at all.

"If I were asked to point to the one thing that has enabled us to do something constructive for the young men and boys of Pittsburgh, I should say it is that we do consider, first, last and all the time, their point of view. To put that in another way, we never attempt to put a scheme into operation until we have made every possible effort to sell it to the persons affected by it."

In reviewing his work as a "gang leader," His Honor said:

"We started here six years ago in the belief that the gang in itself, as a social organization, is not bad. It is only when its energies are turned in the wrong direction that harm is done. Even then the old-fashioned attempt to drive it to cover often made heroes of the gangsters. Only a few months ago forty thousand people turned out to the funeral of a Chicago gangster. To many of them he was a modern Robin Hood.

"What we tried to do was to appeal to gang spirit. Pittsburgh probably had and has more gangs than any other city of its size in the country. It is surrounded by hills, and each of these tends to develop its own community spirit. Every little settlement has its gang. The police had been trying to break them up, and as a result thousands of arrests were being made. Hundreds of boys were going to the reform schools and the junior penitentiaries, where they were being taught how to be professional criminals, and crime was showing a constant increase.

"It seemed to me that the logical thing to do in this situation was to let the boys have their gangs, and then to try to direct the gang spirit and energy into proper channels. The idea has a lot of obvious advantages. Under the old system you could only 'save' one boy at a time. But if you can get the leader of a gang to quit stirring up mischief; if you can induce him to transform his gang into a club—which is generally no more of an operation than giving it a title—you achieve what the business man calls quantity-production methods.

"That, in a nutshell, is what we have done in Pittsburgh. We haven't had any other rules, and our methods of procedure vary to suit the case in hand. Generally speaking, we set out to win the confidence of the gang leader, or an influential member of a gang. We get him to bring in the others. There is no compulsion about it. Our program of decent citizenship is simply made more attractive to him than the old-fashioned guerrilla warfare waged between the gangs and the police. Once we get 'em started right, we can forget them. The best citizens of Pittsburgh take up the work where the Morals Court leaves off."

The story of how Magistrate De Wolf lined up these good citizens is one of the most interesting phases of the Morals Court's record. It has been called a masterpiece of social coordination by men with years of experience. In many ways the organization cooperating with the Pittsburgh court is more efficient than any other in the country, yet it operates on an almost exclusively volunteer basis. It is absolutely removed from any political influence or control, which is probably another reason for its phenomenal success.

In order to understand how and why this organization was brought together it should be explained that the city of Pittsburgh did not provide a fat pay-roll when it set up the Morals Court. Some of the politically wise said that Tensard De Wolf was put into the court to get him out of the way. He started his career in Pittsburgh as a newspaperman, and soon gravitated into the writing of politics. From there he became secretary of the Voters' League, a reform organization, and for twenty years he was a thorn in the side of the machine politicians.

By the end of that time De Wolf had discovered that it takes a long time to accomplish social reforms. He has become that rare thing in reform ranks, progressive in ideals but with a practical knowledge of political methods. And when the City Council put through the ordinance turning one of the local magistracies into the Morals Court, he accepted the challenge to do a piece of really constructive work as its director. As a student of social affairs he was already familiar with the intensive work being done in the penitentiaries in the production of criminals.

"The average jail is a school for crime," he says. "Boys who might have become fine, upstanding citizens have been thrown in with professional criminals and have been taught all the tricks of the trade. It seemed to me that the time to reform these boys was before they got into the jails and reform schools."

Judge De Wolf took care to enlist allie

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for his crusade, and we read that his first step after his appointment was to visit Fred B. Shipp, General Secretary of the Pittsburgh Y. M. C. A. The chronicle continues:

As a result of that conference Mr. Shipp agreed to cooperate, and to prove it promptly appointed L. B. Avison as Morals Court secretary, to represent the Y. M. C. A. at the court as a sort of transfer agent. Since that time not a single session of the court has been held without a Y secretary on the job, and most of the time now there are three of them. Nelson Arter, a negro, is another Y secretary, and there are also Jewish and Catholic secretaries at every session of the court.

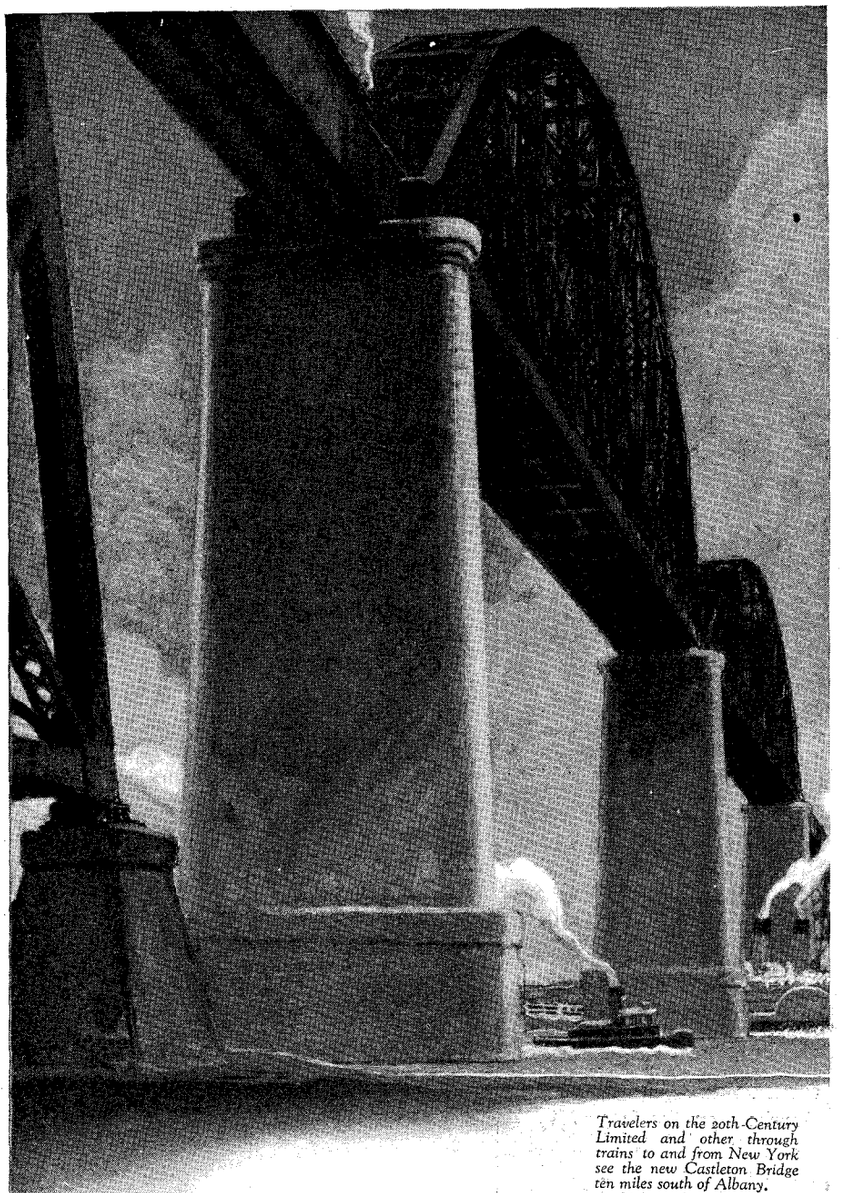
It was through the activities of this organization that the business men of Pittsburgh were brought into the work. They form what is in effect a "Big Brother" organization, altho it has no name and no charter. Its members are simply volunteers. Among them are some of the richest and most influential business and professional men of Pittsburgh. Following the lead of the Y the Jews formed a Big Brother organization and put a secretary in the court as did the Catholics. And then came women's organizations interested in family problems representing Protestants, with their secretaries assigned to court work.

"One of the most gratifying features of this work," said the magistrate, "is the immense amount of time and patience that a big business man will give to a boy who has been, in effect, paroled into his custody. These men volunteer for just that service. We get lots of cases of tough kids who balk at a church or a community house, but who don't mind opening up to an individual. He takes the youngster to the movies, to the Y. M., C. A. pool for a swim, to a baseball or football game. He gets the youngster a job, takes him to lunch occasionally, visits the boy's home and has him to his own place. Then when he says, 'Well, Bill, I'm going to church. Like to go along?' Bill goes with him sooner or later.

"The procedure under the system we have worked out here is simplicity itself. We have abolished the third degree. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that we never had it. Every boy or girl brought in by the police is questioned, but it is done by volunteer workers—the Y secretaries—who are not merely perfunctory office-holders rushing to get through with the day's work. We're not in a hurry. We can take as much time as we choose.

"Everything possible is done to get the confidence of the prisoner. Once that is established it is comparatively easy to show him where he has been making a fool of himself. The idea that harum-scarum, mischievous boys can't think is out of date. We show them what happens to a fellow once his name gets on the official record of the Juvenile Court. After that he is marked by the police. Every time any mischief is done in his neighborhood, or a crime is committed, he is picked up on suspicion. Naturally he gets mad, particularly if he is not guilty. Then he does something for spite.

"But the point we drive home is that, sooner or later, the law always wins. We go over criminal records with the boys to show them that crime doesn't pay. You would be astonished at the quick reaction of a smart young gangster to the assertion that crime is stupid. He has never looked at it in that light. Crime always has been held up to him as something smart. He has caught the lure of outwitting the police. We show him the other side."



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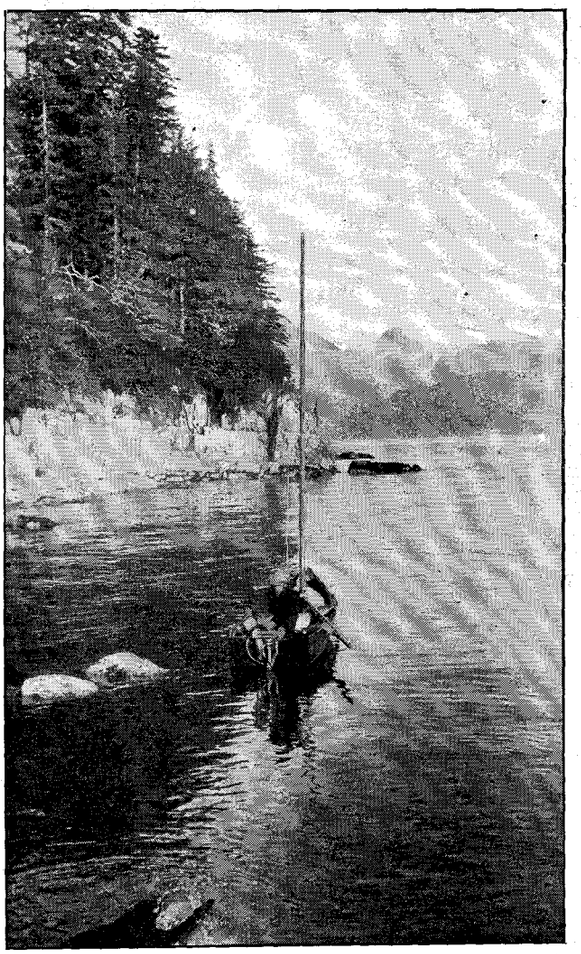
SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

BOATING 1,000 MILES ALONG PANORAMIC "SALT RIVER"

A WONDERLAND WATERWAY winding from Alaska's glaciers to Seattle is described by two adventurers who explored its lonely length in a sixteen-foot motor-boat—a veritable skiff, built of cedar on an oak frame, with an eighteen-foot mast and a small outboard motor. The little craft had no cabin, they tell us, and no provision for sleeping or preparing meals on board. In Portland, Oregon, where it was built, "web-footed old Columbia River boat-builders and salmon fishermen were convinced we were insane," relates John Edward Hoag, the leader of the expedition. But he adds that a little further conversation elicited the information that these aquatic critics had no conception of the route chosen by the adventurers. "They visualized our tiny craft being tossed about like a match on the hissing waves of the open Pacific." Whereas Hoag and his companion, Lionel H. Wiedey, "had spent months studying maps and detailed charts, and soliciting information from the American and Canadian Governments." Moreover, in preparation for their pioneer trip along "a thousand miles of mill-pond leading through a scenic wilderness such as is not be found elsewhere on the face of the earth," they had committed the charts and tide-tables to memory, scheduled their course to move with the tides as much as possible, to camp and eat on shore, and "never to be outside of paddling distance from land without the aid of a life-preserver if we should be so unfortunate as to have our boat upset." Regarding the geography of the "salt-water river," Mr. Hoag writes in the Kansas City *Star:*



MOTOR-BOATING AMONG THE GLACIERS

Impressive scenery was encountered on the adventurous journey in a tiny shallop through "a thousand miles of mill-pond."

If one refers to an atlas and notes the extreme regularity of the Pacific coast-line all the way from Puget Sound to Chile, and then notes that the same coast-line from Puget Sound to the Kenai Peninsula of Alaska is broken, twisted and literally torn to shreds—the question naturally arises regarding the origin of this North Pacific wonderland. The answer to that question is written into the landscape along the ragged shores of the "salt-water river" almost as plainly as if the giant that did the work had painted the words "glacial formation" in letters a hundred feet high on every rock cliff from Puget Sound to Yakutat Bay. Moreover, along many parts of the route—particularly the northern end of it, the forces that tore down mountains, chopped ten thousand canyons out of solid rock, scooped out sounds, bays and inlets—and let the sea-water in—are still at work. For there are great glaciers there that are still in the process of glaciating. Tremendous, awe-inspiring and terrible as these glaciers are, they are but pigmy remnants of those that have done their work and gone—how many tens of thousands of years ago no one can say. Nevertheless, the live glaciers to be seen there to-day open the imagination to what must have happened in the prehistoric past. They are a visual education to clarify an early, but difficult, lesson of school-day geography.

The boat was shipped from Portland to Seattle, whence it was transported to Skagway, together with the two voyagers, on board United States Eagle Boat No. 57, which was making a fifteen-day naval reservist cruise to Alaska. The narrative proceeds:

Preparations for the southbound voyage from Alaska back to the United States were made just as quickly as possible. Yet it was two weeks before we slipt out of Skagway on a forty-foot tide that had begun to recede, and headed down the great fiord, known as the Lynn Canal, on the first 100-mile leg of the journey to Juneau.

Alaska is most assuredly a land of big things, and just why such a work of nature as the Lynn Canal should be called a "canal" seems inexplicable. We soon learned, however, that in Alaska the people seem to have a marvelous faculty for belittling bigness. Snow-clad mountains rising to ten thousand and twelve thousand feet elevation are only foothills there. Streams that would be considered great rivers elsewhere are merely "creeks," and a great glacier-hewn, water-filled gorge—one hundred miles in length, five to ten miles wide, figuratively bottomless, and with perpendicular rock walls rising from four thousand to eight thousand feet from the water's edge—is a "canal." The only things in Alaska that Alaskans seem willing to admit have such a thing as size are the mosquitoes.

It should be mentioned here that in navigating these inland waterways every tradition of salt-water navigation is totally different. That friendly aid to navigation known as dead reckoning is gone. The waters are constantly in motion at varying speeds from the ebb and flow of the tides. Moreover, a boat is never far enough away from land or rocks to give dead reckoning a semblance of safety, even if there were no tides. In this region the tides rise and fall anywhere from ten to sixty feet. When the tides of the ocean rise all the inlets, bays, and sounds must fill up to the high-tide level, and when the tides ebb they must empty out again. Thus, we found it necessary to navigate with our tiny craft waters that ranged from mill-pond stillness to racing tidal rivers. All navigation moves with the tides, but even that method becomes very dangerous in some of the closely confined areas. Many points, such as Wrangel Narrows, Gunboat Passage, and Seymour Narrows are navigable only at slack water—preferably "high-water slack," the ten- to fifteen-minute period when the tides are at flood and have not yet begun to slack off.

Southeastern Alaska is a land of innumerable live glaciers—tremendous rivers of moving ice, discharging into the inland waterways. After leaving Juneau, the territorial capital, we

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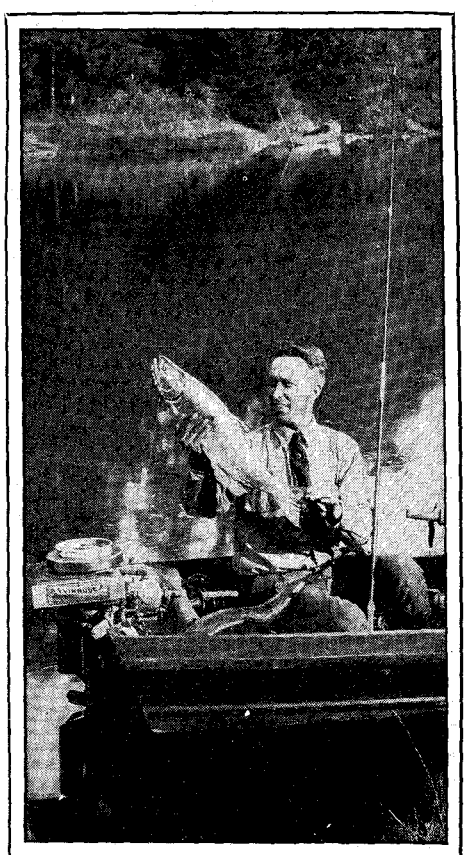
dodged numerous small icebergs through Gastineau Channel and Stevens Passage for some thirty-five miles to the southward to the entrance of Taku Inlet. There we encountered ice-floes common with our ideas of Arctic navigation. From this point south and for the next two hundred and fifty miles we were threading our way among floating mountains of ice—icebergs as big as the biggest office building in the United States. Bergs that protruded one hundred and fifty feet out of the water were nothing unusual, and these ice masses frequently were five acres or more in area. Any one who has ever observed



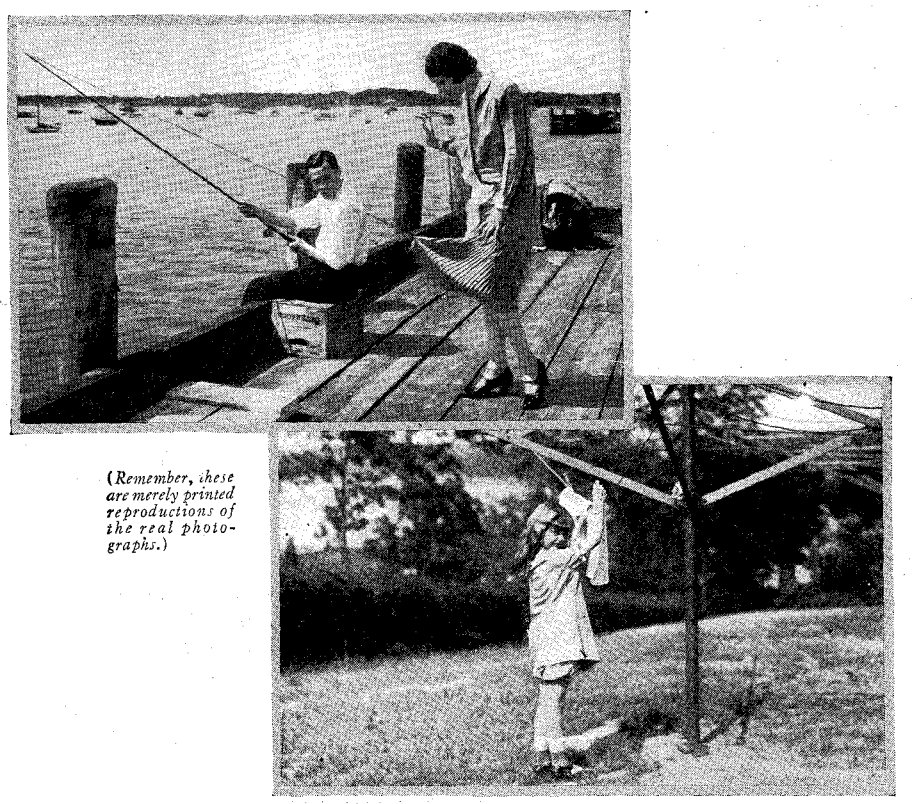
IT TOOK ABOUT TEN MINUTES TO GET A MEAL

A trolling line thrown over the stern of the boat would soon hook a twenty-five- or thirty-pound salmon; or trout could be taken by running into a fresh-water stream.

a piece of ice in a drinking-glass knows that only about one-eighth of its bulk rises above the water. This gives some idea of the enormity of a five-acre berg that floats one hundred and fifty feet out of the water.

All of these bergs are fresh-water ice, being merely fragmentary ends of the glaciers that topple off into the "salt-water river." It is this feature that makes them very dangerous to small boats navigating in the near vicinity of them. As soon as a berg falls off the glacier into the salt water it begins to melt. The melting takes place from underneath, so that it is merely a question of time until every berg turns turtle. In navigating some of the great ice-floes we frequently saw bergs as big as the Kansas City Convention Hall—and apparently as solid as the earth itself—suddenly turn bottom-side up. They'd roll over like a sick cow and then go bobbing up and down like a fisherman's cork, throwing swells thirty or forty feet high in every direction. Usually the swells would upset a few other bergs and then the whole mass would go crashing and grinding together with a noise like a great naval battle.

Navigating day after day through ice-



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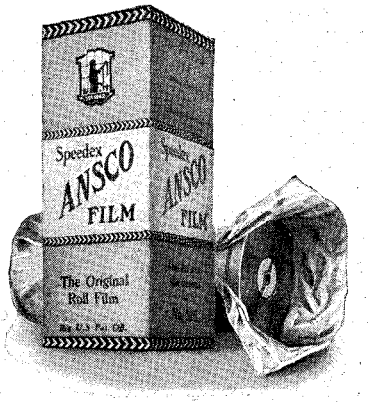

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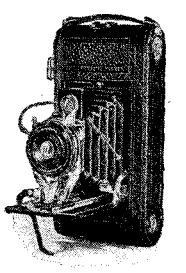

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

fields and along the faces of live glaciers, Hoag was deeply imprest with the grandeur of those formations. He writes:

Trying to describe a glacier is somewhat like trying to describe Europe in a ten-word telegram. Those who have seen Malaspina, Taku, Muir, Mendenhall, or any of the other great glaciers of Alaska, know that there is no yardstick or other unit of measurement for the description of them. Take Malaspina glacier, for instance: it requires a great stretch of imagination to visualize a perpendicular wall of ice three hundred and fifty to five hundred feet high, and falling off into the salt water along a front of one hundred miles. Even a panorama camera can not begin to picture it, and no written description can begin to tell the color scheme. For the most part the color of a live glacier is emerald green, shaded off into ivory white. But when the sun shines down through these moving mountains of ice the light is broken up into every color of the rainbow. One sees acre upon acre of ice that is red, blue, green, yellow, and other colors to stagger the imagination even of the most skilled artist in oils. Add to this the sight of seeing a few million tons of ice come down off the wall every few minutes—falling into the water with a roar like a battery of field artillery, and then the waves rolling across the inlet to set all the ice-floes crashing and grinding—and it's a sight such as one can imagine as having been taken from the first paragraph of the Book of Genesis.

There was no want of human sustenance for us while traveling southward through the "salt-water river." If we wanted a fish for a meal it usually took about ten minutes to get one. We'd merely set up a rod and reel, throw a trolling line over the stern of the boat—and pull in a twenty-five- or thirty-pound salmon. If we wanted trout instead of salmon, all we had to do was to run up into some fresh-water stream flowing down into the "salt-water river," throw out a fly and pull in from one to a dozen three- to five-pound rainbow trout. If we tired of fish we'd take a shotgun and go ashore. We could usually be back in the boat again in twenty minutes with from four to a dozen fine big grouse.

Deer were so plentiful that we would not have been guilty of killing one except for food. We shot one, and the meat lasted a week. Time without number we'd round some bend in the channels to come upon great herds of deer that had come down from the hills to refresh jaded herbivorous appetites with a sip of salt water. Usually they'd stand and look at us like a lot of barnyard stock—and then slowly saunter off into the woods.

Twenty-one days after crossing the Alaskan-Canadian boundary we sped down the east coast of Vancouver Island on a fast tide, rounded the Fear Island lighthouse, and slipt into Victoria, the provincial capital of British Columbia. We spent a week there and we shoved off into the Strait of Juan de Fuca on the last eighty-mile lap of our 1,000-mile jaunt from Alaska to Seattle. We camped that night on the Island of Lopez, and for the first time in two months on United States soil.

The following day, with a fair wind and the sail adding to the boat's speed with the motor, we slipt down the Washington shore and tied up at Colman Dock in Seattle.

GOLF STICKS' FATAL ATTRACTION TO LIGHTNING

THE death of a golfer by lightning during a thunder-storm has carried a profound shock, we read, to golfers and golfers' wives all over the country. That the metal heads of golf sticks, carried in the hand or in a bag, should present points of strong attraction to lightning bolts—that thought appears never to have occurred to some players, according to current comments on the fatal mishap on the public golf course in Philadelphia. The New York *Evening Post* account of the affair, under a Philadelphia date line, reads:

Running beneath a tree when a severe electrical storm interrupted their game on the public golf links here to-day, Robert Polk, twenty-three, was struck by lightning and killed, and Walter McGowan, sixteen, was severely injured.

McGowan had thrown away his golf clubs, but was standing near his companion when the bolt glanced from the top of the tree to a midiron in Polk's hand.

"WHEN I CADDIED FOR JOHN D."

THE confessions of a caddy who once caddied for the senior Mr. Rockefeller are given to the world by Jack O'Donnel, who calls himself "one of the numerous beneficiaries" of the oil man's generosity. After relating how he and a boyhood pal ran away from home in a small Ohio town and beat their way to Cleveland, he tells of answering an advertisement for caddies at a suburban golf course. The two boys were among those hired, and received some instruction from the caddy master. And the story, in *Collier's*, continues:

It was about mid-afternoon when the caddy master came to the caddy room and beckoned to Tommy and me to follow him. Outside he said, very impressively, "John D. Rockefeller and some friends are coming. You two boys are the neatest looking so I'll let you caddy for them. Be very careful and watch the balls. Mr. Rockefeller doesn't like to lose 'em."

If that caddy master had confided that Frank Merriwell, Nick Carter, Old King Brady and Diamond Dick, Jr.—all idols of my youth—were coming there to play golf he wouldn't have given me much more of a thrill. Gee, I thought, here's where I get one of those big tips the caddy master tells about. Tips, we were told, amounted to twice as much as the salary we were to receive.

I'm afraid I stared pretty intently at the great man, but I didn't think he would notice it because he was so completely surrounded by the obsequious caddy master and his friends. He did, however, for he said, not unkindly, "Wake up, boy, and go ahead," and as I started for the first tee he added, "And keep your eyes on the ball!"

I was a pretty good caddy, if I do say so myself, and watched the balls so well that Mr. Rockefeller lost not one despite the fact that he drove several into the rough. And I made only a few mistakes in selecting the clubs he called for. Once, when he asked for a driver and I handed him some other club, he said, "Boy, have you ever caddied before?" I confessed this was my first attempt.

As we walked over the course I watched

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the oil baron with great interest. Heretofore, he had seemed a thing apart—a superman. But as I watched him in that golf game it occurred to me that John D. Rockefeller didn't differ much from Louie Sharp, the man that drove the coal wagon for A. B. Wood, back in Norwalk. Louie was a quiet sort of person with thin lips and a spare frame. So was Mr. Rockefeller. Louie (on Sundays) wore a nice suit of clothes, and sported a watch, too. And, I said to myself, "I'll bet Louie can eat just as much if not more than Mr. Rockefeller." I had seen Louie Sharp eat from an enormous dinner pail and I felt pretty sure of that bet. The big difference I saw between Mr. Rockefeller and Louie was that the coal-wagon driver laughed oftener, had more color in his face, seemed happier.

I believe now that I unconsciously laid the foundation of my philosophy of life on that chilly golf course that autumn afternoon. Certainly Mr. Rockefeller's millions didn't appear to make him anywhere near as happy as the coal-wagon driver. The rich man had more worries, more responsibilities, less time for life's play hours. My ambition to amass a fortune cooled a bit that day, while my ambition to get a lot of fun out of life took an upward curve. I figured I'd rather be a Louie Sharp with ruddy cheeks, smiling lips and a zest for the good old game of horseshoes.

I was too interested in observing Mr. Rockefeller to pay close attention to the game, so I do not recall the score or who won. I'm certain, however, that Mr. Rockefeller didn't break any course records or qualify as a member of the Hole-in-One Club.

When the game was ended and we were walking to the club-house I wondered how much of the great man's wealth I would receive for my labors. A dollar, likely. He could give a caddy that much and never miss it. *Maybe he'd slip me $5!* The interest on all his money would make more than that for him while he was adding up his golf score.

When I emerged from the club-house after depositing Mr. Rockefeller's club bag with the custodian of those things, the great oil magnate was standing on the steps with one hand in his pocket. He favored me with a weary smile and beckoned me to his side. I felt that this was to be an important moment in my life.

"What do you do with the money you earn?" he asked.

"I've never earned very much," I answered. "This is one of the first jobs I ever had."

"Every boy should save," he said gravely. "If you start saving when you are young you won't have to worry when you are old. Save part of everything you make."

The quotations may not be verbatim, but they contain the essence of what he said.

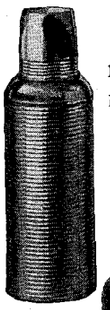
Then he gave me a dime.

I thanked Mr. Rockefeller, altho I'll confess I was a bit disappointed in the size of the gratuity. Tommy Cass, who caddied with me, received a greater reward—fifteen cents greater—from another member of the party.

That was twenty-five years ago. The advice that John D. Rockefeller gave me with that tip was the soundest I ever received. It was better than copy-book advice because it had the personal touch to it.

Did I take it and follow it?

Shamelessly, I confess I did not. Going back to Norwalk that night on the "plug" that runs between Cleveland and Norwalk



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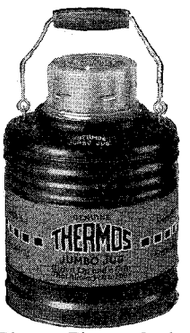

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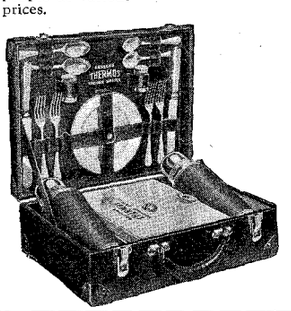

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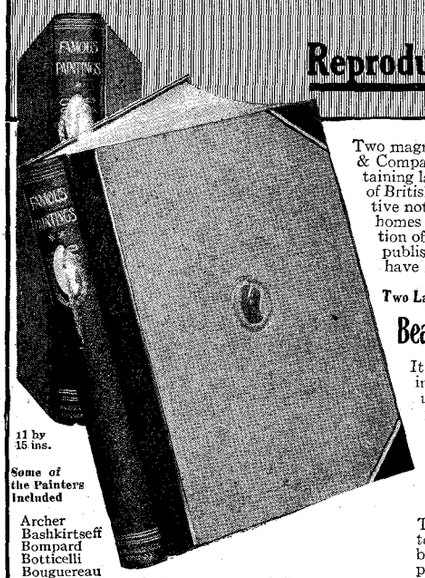

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on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, I gave it to Max Considine, the news butcher, for a box of crackerjack which I shared with the tall man with the black mustache.

I still maintain, however, that it was the soundest advice I ever disregarded.

HUNTING COYOTES WITH FOX-HOUNDS

"BEATS fox hunting!" Such is the verdict experienced sportsmen have rendered, we are told, on the equestrian chase of the nimble coyote, as organized into a fashionable sport by several country clubs in the West. George P. Austin, "a prominent sportsman of Oxnard, California," is quoted in *The Pacific Sportsman* as writing of weekly hunts which afford magnificent sport. He tells of four packs of Kentucky and Virginia fox-hounds, shipped West for the purpose, all registered and of the best Southern breeds. He adds that they often "account for a coyote in a few hours' chase." The new sport has taken a strong hold in Texas, we read. In the San Antonio *Express* appeared recently a spirited account of a three-day meet of the Southwest Texas Wolf Hunters Association, at which more than sixty dogs were entered and a dozen coyotes were taken. We read:

The general headquarters and camp of the hunt were two miles southwest of Pleasanton, and the adjacent territory, practically all in raw state, for three days resounded to the cries of chasing packs, interspersed from time to time with the sharp, staccato cries of battle when some coyote, brought to bay, snapt and cut its way to freedom or went down with the fangs of one or more of the pack at his throat.

The packs were loosed in the early morning, right after the full breaking of daylight, and about 150 persons were present always when the hunt began. The hounds, all under leash, were loosed simultaneously at the command of the master of hounds. The pack, facing from the camp into the dense mesquite, thornbrush and cactus-growth, plunged instantly ahead. Within fifteen minutes without fail the strike was made.

The country over which the hunt was made was thickly infested with coyotes, and in a brief time the dog pack would be divided into perhaps a half-dozen smaller packs, each chasing a wolf. Sometimes the wolves run in pairs. This, of course, until the pack presses to within a few feet, when each wolf makes a dash for itself. And because of the area, which is thickly set with brush, a wolf might dodge around with the pack not more than twenty yards from its heels and still be for the most of the time unseen.

The catch comes when the wolf is worn out, for a dog can usually hold to the chase longer than the wolf, or else when two or more dogs converge on their quarry and seize it. Sometimes a keen, fighting dog overtakes a wolf and gives single-handed battle. Occasionally a kill is thus made, but for the most part the keen,

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cutting fangs of the wolf snap the way to freedom, leaving a mangled dog. In the recent hunt a dog belonging to Dr. W. R. Newton battled alone with a wolf, according to several eye-witnesses, and after being snapt at and cut badly around the head, got a grip on the throat of the wolf and killed it.

Every coyote, which is only the smaller species of the wolf of which the lobo, the gray, the timber and the black are other species, caught in the Pleasanton hunt, was a well-fed, strong-fighting animal. The coyotes are as heavy and large almost as the dogs that hunt them, and they survive because it takes mass or pack action by the dogs to overcome them. The coyote ordinarily makes a "monkey" out of the individual dog.

Like the boarhounds of the middle ages, the hounds that hunt coyotes are making individual reputations for valor, and legends are growing up around them. The account continues:

Many tales were told during the hunt of speed and fighting heart of dogs. For dogs, as soldiers, have their shining lights and humdrums. Some of them just went into the fight and did their best, taking whatever punishment they had to, while others took it all out in yelping around while the others did the fighting. Some dogs were known to be in two kills in one morning, while others were mouthing around the scene of battle, lacking courage to go in. And yet a dog that doesn't go into the fight quickly at one time may go in readily enough at another time.

"YOUTH AT THE PROW," INDEED!

TWO young Bostonians of 83 and 71 years of age, members of the Union Boat Club of that city, have excited some comment by embarking in a double wherry and rowing—"sauntering" the Boston *Transcript* calls it—down to Boston Light and back, a distance of 22 miles. On which *The Transcript* remarks editorially:

Twenty-two miles is good rowing for any youngsters, and for these gentlemen it is splendid. When one reads that they did this in less than four hours, it is easy to see that Messrs. King and Simmons's wherry was not called the *Osler:* they row and they keep on rowing and it agrees with them, rather more, we fancy, than many excursions of the gasoline oarsmen, who go quickly, far and odorously. What these two men did was sport to them, but to the average man it would be an awesome impossibility, something from which body and mind would shrink.

It is a great pleasure to read of performances like this—it does not *épater le bourgeois*, but it offers consolation to those who have reached the advanced age of thirty-five or more; it offers a chance to the men who do not play ukuleles and wear flapping trousers to remember they are still on the map and even have rights. They can live, they can have liberty, they can pursue happiness, perhaps not at the clip of their friends and champions, Messrs. King and Simmons, but they are encouraged to more modest enjoyments. Neither of these gentlemen, with all the muscle in the world, could have dreamed of such a performance had he not been in good condition, not the "good" condition temporarily given by a couple of months' intensive training, but the condition which is the

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Continued

reward of respect for one's earthly tabernacle, of a determination not to give in to this and that self-indulgence, small in itself, but through the cumulative years the producer of too big waists and too short wind. The moral is obvious, and in pointing it we congratulate and we envy two good sportsmen.

BULL MARKET FOR CRIPPLED BALL-PLAYERS

IS IT lucky for a young leaguer to break a leg? A well-known sporting authority advances reasons for answering that strange question in the affirmative. He draws attention to recent examples of broken-legged players whose subsequent careers have been so fortunate that the busy scouts of the big clubs are now, he gravely assures us, ready to get excited over the prospects of any minor-league youngster who breaks his bones. This authority is W. O. McGeehan. Writing in *The Elks Magazine* on "New Faces in the Big Leagues," he relates the story of Earl Coombs, center-fielder of the Yankees, who has been hailed as "another Ty Cobb," and whose fortunes seem to have begun with a broken leg. But first Mr. McGeehan tells us of how "Pee-Wee" Wanninger took the same painful path to fame and wealth. He writes:

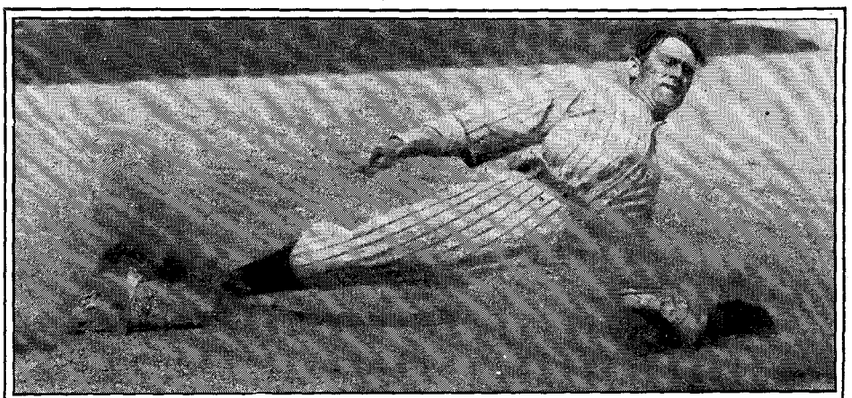
How the Yankees happened to get Pee-Wee Wanninger is something of a romance in itself. Wanninger was playing with Augusta, Georgia. Reports concerning him were highly favorable. The figures in the league backed up the enthusiastic reports.

It so happened that five scouts, each from a different big-league club, gathered at the same time to get a line on the wonderful Wanninger. He seemed to have everything the reports alleged he had. It must have been that young Wanninger knew that the scouts were in the stand. He was striving to please. He had ambitions for the big league.

All five scouts were impressed. Then Wanninger extended himself and in sliding into a base broke his leg. Four of the scouts that night took the train for other parts. They had lost all interest in Paul Wanninger, minor leaguer. It was not likely that he ever would make the big leagues after that. A broken leg, especially a very recent fracture, was hardly a recommendation.

One scout remained. He was Mr. Robert Gilks, the Yankee's scout, whose particular territory is the South in general. Mr. Gilks, being a Southerner, spends his winters tin-canning through the South, hunting, fishing and gathering material for natural history romances.

Mr. Gilks tarried and talked to the surgeon who set the fracture. The surgeon informed him that Wanninger would be as robust as ever. It was a very simple fracture, the scout was assured, and after it had been given a chance to knit the leg would be as strong as it was before the accident.



Photograph by courtesy of *The Elks Magazine*

FOUND GOOD FORTUNE IN A BROKEN LEG

Earl Coombs, who has been called "another Ty Cobb," is one of the younger players whose auspicious career since his painful accident has helped to set the "ivory" scouts on edge for youngsters with mended limbs.

Gilks got into communication with his manager and owner, recommending that Wanninger be acquired. Mr. Gilks had turned in very few bad ones. The recommendation that a one-legged infielder be signed sounded a trifle out of the ordinary, but on the recommendation of Scout Gilks, Wanninger was signed with the Yankees while he was still lying in a hospital with his leg in a plaster cast.

This happened last year. Scout Gilks must be given the credit for having Pee-Wee Wanninger ready to take the place of Everett Scott when his manager decided to force him to break his record for participation in consecutive baseball games. From this it may be judged that thorough scouting is no unimportant adjunct to a baseball team, especially the sort of scouting that will impel a man to miss a train in order to thoroughly investigate a minor leaguer with a broken leg.

It was the decision of the Yankee manager last year that somebody was needed to be ready to fill the shoes of Whitey Witt, hero of the pop-bottle-strewn battlefield of St. Louis. Whitey, who had been nicknamed the Agile Albino, was becoming less and less agile.

They secured to fill the small shoes of Whitey Witt, a young man named Earl Coombs from Louisville. He was a youth of great promise. It looked like the benching of the Agile Albino, who made no complaint, and did not even look sorrowful or resentful. Mr. Witt is a philosopher, taking a promotion to the Yankees or a

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pop-bottle on the temple with equal resignation.

Coombs was showing much promise of making good, when he broke his leg. It began to look as tho the investment in the "Kentucky Cardinal" was a total loss. But Coombs is back this year playing center field with much speed and agility. Also he started to hit at a steady clip.

Correspondents following the Yankees have been talking of him as "another Ty Cobb." There never will be another Ty Cobb, of course. This is merely another way of saying that Earl Coombs has become a real big-league outfielder with a great future.

Since these two young men came through you can not discourage a Yankee scout by saying that the prospect has a broken leg. In fact, it may be that the Yankees have ordered their scouts to investigate and to report favorably upon all minor-league players with broken legs. The story of a broken leg anywhere in the bushes is the signal for a gathering of scouts.

The infant marvel of the last World Series was Freddie Lindstrom, in his teens. Heinie Groh, the veteran third baseman and one of the greatest of the players in a pinch when a hit may mean baseball history, has a "trick knee." It goes back on him at the most inopportune times. It happened to go back on him while the Giants were going into a tough pennant race. It was then that "Childe" Lindstrom, not twenty, was sent in to do a grown man's work.

This player, who was a "mewling infant" when Walter Johnson was starting his big-league career, was one of the first batters to face Johnson. Lindstrom had no reverence for the veteran or his reputation. It must have been the sight of the baby-faced "Childe" Lindstrom that unnerved Johnson for the first part of that series. Lindstrom arrived in the big league with a bang.

There is another new face with the Giants this year. He is not exactly a youth, but he is an established big-leaguer and will remain one for some time. The experience of Walker is unique. He is the essence of the modern business man among the players.

Mr. Walker was up in the big top, as they say, before, but he was not very highly regarded. It looked as tho he would see a lot of baseball games from the bench, but that he would not take any active part in any. This chafed the ambitious young man. He bought his way out at a nominal sum and retired to Rocky Mount, North Carolina.

There he became manager of the Rocky Mount Baseball Club, where he had plenty of active baseball. Reports of his achievements in that section brought scouts. The scouts reported enthusiastically on Mr. Walker. The Giants sent in a bid for him. The reply came demanding a higher sum. It was signed by Walker himself. Walker was his own owner, you see, and he did not place any low valuation upon himself. So Mr. Walker sold himself to the Giants and is a recognized big-leaguer drawing a big-leaguer's pay. Mr. Walker's faith in himself and his ability combined with his business acumen made him an asset not only to the Giants but to himself.

All of the new faces are not those of children exactly. I noted last spring among the new members of the Phillies gathered in by Art Fletcher the name of Nelson Hawks, first baseman. The name seemed familiar. Then I remembered.

In a certain company of a certain regiment in which I served in the Spanish War and in the Philippine Insurrection the first sergeant happened to be Bud Hawks, one of three brothers in the same company, all of them sergeants. Arriving in San Francisco after more than a year and a half of sojourning in the tropics, Sergeant Bud Hawks introduced his baby son, Nelson Hawks, to the company.

"He is going to be a baseball player," the first sergeant announced with much positiveness. Art Fletcher, manager of the Phillies and the baseball averages, will testify to the fact that Nelson Hawks has become a baseball player. Which proves that you can not fool a good first sergeant in sizing up men even when they are at a very early age.

There are new faces in all of the big-league clubs and new major-league players fresh, or almost fresh, from the minors. Besides Gordon Cochrane, the McGillicuddy of the restored confidence has Sam Gray, a youthful but very effective pitcher, who has hurled himself right into prominence within a year or more. The Boston Nationals are highly pleased with a center fielder who was a stranger to the big leagues until this season. He is Dave Harris, the sheriff of Guilford County, North Carolina.

The Boston Americans, the once mighty Red Sox, are depending much on the right arm of a youthful pitcher named Charles Ruffling, who came from a place called Nakomis in Illinois. He is twenty years old, but promises to make Nakomis a famous place.

With the end of the bright college years the Detroit Tigers came into possession of Owen Carroll of Holy Cross, the greatest college pitcher seen in many a day. Detroit at the time had a place for a good pitcher. More will be known anon as to the adaptability of young Mr. Carroll to the big-league environment. But every scout from every club has seen Owen Carroll in action and the consensus of scout opinion was that Owen Carroll was ready to step into the box at any ball park long before they completed his education officially at his alma mater.

Mr. McGeehan remarks that this dealing in "young ivory" for the National Pastime is "more of a gamble than dealing in any other commodity." He relates:

One very shrewd baseball club-owner in talking of his scouts defended one who never seemed to have achieved any results.

"He never got you a good player," the critic protested.

"I know that," said the club-owner. "But he saved me many a dollar by keeping me from buying a lot of bad ones."

The ivory returns to the Brooklyn-National and the Cleveland-American-League teams were not up to the general standard. It happens that way sometimes.

The time has come when the managers must find their players. The Yankees who found themselves in second division with this season well along were players acquired very frankly by purchase, and the price paid for the athletes was high. From Harry Frazee alone Col. Jacob Ruppert bought half a million dollars' worth of players.

Whenever a gap seemed to show on the Yankee front line, Colonel Ruppert pulled out the check-book and the magic fountain-pen and replacements were found from other big-league clubs. It was all in the game, for professional baseball is a business as well as a sport. The rules did not bar buying and selling and trading and haggling and bartering. Some pennants were won in the open ivory market rather than on the ball-field.

But that day is past. The proof of that

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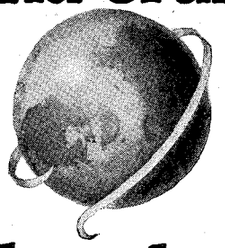

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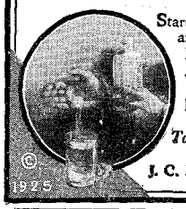
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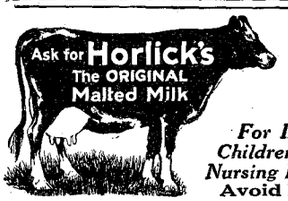

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

came when the late Charles H. Ebbets offered $275,000 in cash for Rogers Hornsby of the St. Louis Cardinals. The offer was absolutely genuine, as I happened to know. But it was turned down the moment it was made. It meant the end of the buying and selling of stars or even of average finished big-league ball-players. The owners and the managers were forced to turn their eyes to the minors, the colleges and the lots.

Bill Jones, left-handed recruit pitcher from Charlotte, North Carolina, arrives at the big-league training-camp with a "badger haircut" and a brown derby, carrying a near-leather suitcase. He is not greeted with the old-time, "Hey, Busher, where did you come from?"

He is introduced as Mr. William Jones, is roomed with a veteran and treated with kindness and respect. For Bill Jones, the recruit, may be just the left-hander they need. They can not guy them any more, and they never would forgive themselves if they sent a good left-hander adrift through not making him feel at home. Some other club might pick him up later and he would get his revenge with that good left soupbone of his.

The hour seems to have struck for the ivory hunters and their prey.

THE RETURN OF THE PLAYER-MANAGER

TO that eminent journalist, George Herman Ruth, otherwise known as "Babe," it "looks as tho we are coming to an age of playing managers." This remark, found in one of the New York *World* sport page series headed "Babe Ruth says," is one way of saying what many baseball writers have been thinking of this summer. The elevation of "Rabbit" Maranville to the managership of the Chicago Cubs in place of Bill Killefer made eight out of sixteen major-league ball teams subject to the direction of men actually playing in the field. To "Babe" Ruth it seems like a swing of the pendulum, a return to the days of Fred Clarke, Frank Chance, and Napoleon Lajoie. Five years ago, as the sporting editor of the Pittsburgh *Sun* reminds us, there was only one playing manager in the big leagues, Tris Speaker of the Cleveland American League Team—

Every other team in the two leagues had a bench manager. In the National all eight clubs were directed from the dugouts. Pittsburgh had George Gibson; New York, John McGraw; Brooklyn, Wilbert Robinson; Boston, George Stallings; Chicago, Fred Mitchell; Philadelphia, Gavvy Cravath, who had given up playing that year; St. Louis, Branch Rickey, and Cincinnati, Pat Moran. In the American, New York had Miller Huggins; Philadelphia, Connie Mack; Washington, Clark Griffith; Boston, Ed Barrow; Chicago, Kid Gleason; St. Louis, Jimmy Burke, and Detroit Hugh Jennings.

Many baseball men predicted that playing skippers soon would become things of the past, "but instead of doing the prophesied fade-out, the playing pilots have come back so strongly that they now outnumber the bench generals again." As this writer, Mr. James J. Long, further notes, the appointment of "Rabbit" Maranville to lead the Cubs following the mid-season appointment of Rogers Hornsby to run the St. Louis National League Team puts half the major-league teams under player-managers, their names being David Bancroft (shortstop), Boston Nationals; Rogers Hornsby (second baseman), St. Louis Nationals; Tyrus Cobb (outfielder), Detroit Americans; George Sisler (first baseman), St. Louis Americans; Stanley Harris (second baseman), Washington Americans; Eddie Collins (second baseman), Chicago Americans; Tris Speaker (outfielder), Cleveland Americans. And it is interesting to note that Wilbur Robinson, Manager of the Brooklyn National League Team, who became President of the Brooklyn Club following the death of Charles Ebbets, has appointed outfielder Zack Wheat as assistant manager and intends to have Wheat succeed him when he retires from the active management of the Dodgers.

"Rabbit" Maranville, who was a redoubtable shortstop, first with the World's Champion Boston Braves and then with the Pittsburgh Pirates, offers this explanation of the trend toward the playing manager—

It looks as if playing managers are getting popular. I think the time will come when all managers will be players. A playing manager is right in the game and knows what is happening. His presence on the field also has a tendency to keep the other players on their toes.

In the New York *Evening Post*, Frank Wallace suggests that "the instantaneous success of Bucky Harris, who brought a world series to Washington in his first season, is probably a strong motive of the owners who have switched so pronouncedly back to the species thought to be all but extinct—with Cobb and Speaker mere survivals." And he adds that: "John McGraw and Connie Mack are the only graybeards who can ride the oak and master mind without the worrisome thought that their jobs may be in danger from this growing hysteria among the owners."

Characteristic editorial comment on the new trend toward the player-manager appears in these sentences from the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

In the choice between player and bench managers the psychological element is great. The advantage of a star like Hornsby over such a distinguished field general as John McGraw rest on subtleties. It is the difference between the officer who leads his men into battle and the strategist who sits in headquarters behind the lines. The player-manager relies on deeds, not words, to inspire his team. He is usually the star of the nine and can do all he asks his mates to do. He is in the heat and dust of the conflict, and, while he may at times lack the coolness of the bench manager in his dugout, he has a better "feel" of situations. That counts in baseball. A team

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begins to crack before the spectators notice. A pitcher falters, a shortstop is rattled. The player-manager detects the first squeak in the machine.

For another thing, the player-manager system is the natural outcome of longer careers in baseball. Men who used to be retired to the bench at thirty are leading their teams at forty. The ideals which made them stars stay with them as managers on the field. They are models for their men and assets to the game.

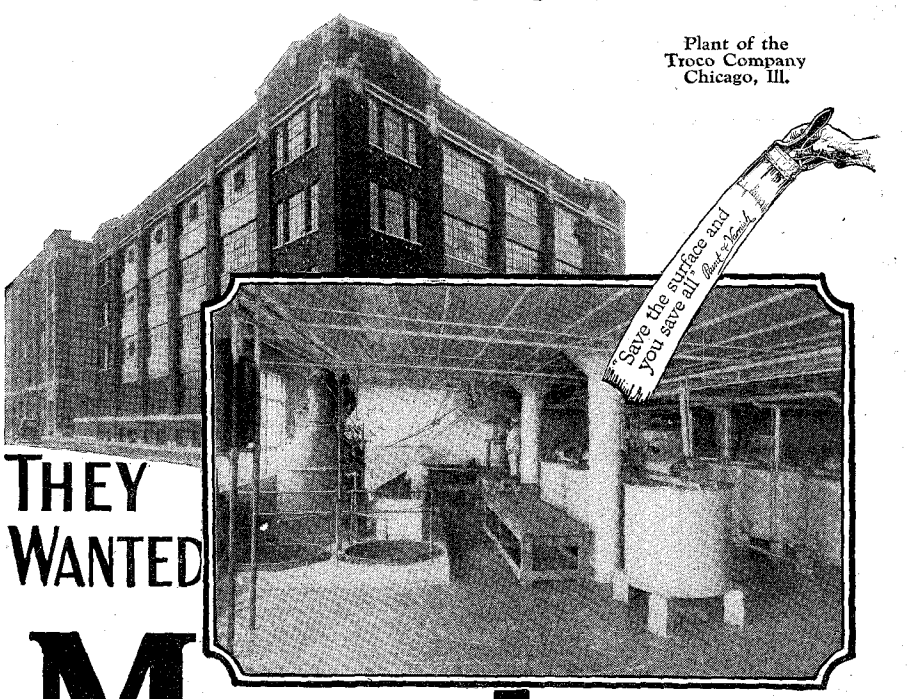
Those who sing the superiority of the bench manager have, we read in the Newark *News*, "advanced the argument that the playing pilot is unable to perform in his position as he is wont to and at the same time give his managerial duties the necessary attention." But the writer of the New Jersey paper thinks that the pace being set by some of the playing managers "is likely to make these twentieth-century Solomons sing another tune":

Heading the list is the colorful George Sisler, manager of the St. Louis Browns, and one of the greatest figures the national pastime has ever known. Any man who has just about been counted out and then rises to make a comeback is truly a hero, not only in baseball but in any walk of life. It takes courage, determination and an indomitable spirit, and probably Sisler exemplifies all these qualities better than any athlete now in the glare of the sporting spotlight. He said he would come back just as strong as ever, but his batting average of .305, compiled last season on the first year of his comeback, could not be called very encouraging, and his many admirers shook their heads with regret.

His impaired vision caused by a long siege of illness found him with a batting weakness, and the pitchers discovered it—low on the outside. At times "The Sizzler" was made to look like a bush-leaguer at the plate, but in that characteristic Sisler manner he went to the spring training-camp this season determined to cure that weakness. And there is little doubt that he has succeeded. Never in his career has he enjoyed such stick-wielding success. Here, truly, is the type of athlete that American fandom might be proud of.

Next in the line of the playing managers who are blazing a cyclonic trail for their charges is poor, decrepit Ty Cobb. It is sad the manner in which this wonderful player has slowed up. With his team at the bottom of the heap struggling hopelessly to get a start, the Georgia Peach stept in and not only brought the Tigers back to life, but startled the baseball world with another of his many records, making five home-runs in two days. Not content with that, he has been blasting the horsehide to all corners of the pasture consistently.

Another player-manager, Rogers Hornsby, has furnished one of the sensations of the year, we read in the New York *Evening Post*, by his achievement since taking the helm of bringing his St. Louis Nationals from seventh up to fourth place in the league standing. Last week readers of the sporting pages noticed that Hornsby was holding his place as the premier batsman of baseball, with more home runs and a higher batting average than any other player in either major league.



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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

WHY THE LONDON BANK RATE WAS CUT

THE BIGGEST DEVELOPMENT in the banking world during the month of August, to judge from the wide discussion which it brought about in American financial circles, was the announcement by the Bank of England that it had reduced the official discount rate from 5 to 4½ per cent. This unexpected action is interpreted in various ways by London and New York financial dailies, but practically all of these explanations point to the apparent success of Great Britain's move in returning to the gold standard. "The one clear inference here is complete confidence as to the new British gold position and policy," remarks the Boston *News Bureau*. "In the short period of six months," adds *The American Banker* (New York), "Great Britain has regained the confidence of the world as regards the gold value of her currency." From "an exceptionally well-informed source," the London correspondent of the New York *Times* learns the following:

The reduction in the bank rate from 5 to 4½ per cent. is a direct outcome of the restoration of the gold standard. It will be remembered that in March the rate was raised from 4 to 5 per cent., following an advance in the New York rate from 3 to 3½ per cent. It was felt that it was wise, as a meaure of precaution, to widen the margin between the New York and London interest rates, in view of the possible early effects of restoration of the gold standard.

When, at the end of April, the restoration was decided upon, there were wide-spread fears that a large efflux of gold would take place because of depression of our export industries, and that a rise in the bank rate to 6 or 7 per cent. would ensue very quickly. For a week or two there was a substantial outflow of gold, but it soon was offset by an influx of metal from various places. But it would not have occurred but for the wide margin between the interest rates here and New York, which has caused a considerable amount of American money to be invested here.

Other foreign moneys have also sought investment in London, but, as the state of exchanges indicates, less on account of the rates of interest than of the confidence now felt in the future of the pound sterling.

There were rumors in London that the bank-rate reduction was dictated by political considerations to help the Government in its dealings with the miners' union. But, says the London correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce*,

The bank rate was reduced because the Bank of England's position warrants it and because of the added consideration that easy money is best for trade. The cut, too, has been rendered possible also by the imports of £8,651,000 in gold since the gold standard was resumed, and again by the Bank of England's reserve ratio, now over 31 as against 16 per cent. a year ago.

In the financial pages of the New York *Times* we learn that—

British gold reserves have been built up to their highest point in history, and as a result exchange has held steady, and large balances have been drawn to London from various parts of the world, including the United States, as American banks found they could get a better return on their funds in London than in the New York market.

As New York bankers see it, the point has now been reached where the Bank of England considered its technical position so strong that it could risk developments in the exchange situation in order to help business.

Bankers emphasize the unlikelihood of any advance in the Federal Reserve rediscount rate in the United States. Since money finds its way to the best market, an undue flow away from London and to New York might result from an advance here. This is not to be desired, as the chief aim of the American banking world now is to reduce this country's excess stocks of gold through exports of the metal, while England desires to build up its holdings of gold to protect the country's position under the gold standard.

The action of the Bank of England, say Washington dispatches, is not expected by Treasury and Federal Reserve Board officials to have any marked reflection in financial circles in this country. According to a New York *Journal of Commerce* editorial:

Great Britain's action in lowering the bank rate might result in a corresponding cut in this country without running counter to our own policy here, but there is no reason why we should parallel this curtailment.

It is quite unlikely that British financiers just at the beginning of the period of principal strain in the export trade, and at a time of great industrial disturbance, would reduce their rate without some compelling reason. That reason is to be found in the general demand for the maintenance of inflation, the checking of the downward tendency of prices. English prices, as they were expected to do, have moved pretty steadily toward lower levels since resumption was announced. English financiers have seen valuable financing transferred to the New York market, as witness, for example, the recent Australian loan. They would like to get back some of this business.

The Wall Street News agrees that "the governors of the Bank of England are plainly striving to aid business." Continues this financial daily:

Only confidence in the future would dictate a step which was quite unlooked for a month ago. Lower interest rates predicated on the reduced bank rate should tend to diminish production costs in manufacturing with a consequent strengthening of British manufacturers' position in the export market. More than the direct benefit which probably will be slow to disclose itself in the business overturn, is, however, the influence upon sentiment, giving proof to many doubters that the renewed gold standard may be made to stick.

Whether the reduction in the bank rate will of itself give much stimulus to industry, however, is questioned by the London correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, who reminds us that "British industry is affected to a far greater extent by impediments of a political, social, and labor character than by currency, exchange, or monetary policies."

GROWING POPULARITY OF THE "DIME-SAVERS"—One of the first presents a brand-new baby is likely to receive these days is a dime savings bank, in the form of a book, an apple, a pig, or a log cabin. And this is no plaything, but a definite part of the thrift movement, and an important adjunct of our banking system. According to *The American Banker* (New York):

The use of dime-savers as a liaison between the savings departments of banks and its customers is daily growing in popularity. They are convenient to carry, and in demand also for the reason that the depositor can observe the exact amount of money deposited with them. Somehow this proves an incentive to save, especially to young people. They like to see their dimes grow into dollars.

Some institutions in home neighborhoods have made an effective distribution by placing them in the mail boxes throughout their communities. Recently a Chicago bank sent out fifteen thousand dime-savers which hold five dollars in dimes, with a tag attached which read: "Deposit this dime-saver filled, with this tag attached and you will be credited with one dollar for opening your account." This bank has already secured several hundred accounts in this way.

There are all kinds of dime-savers. A Middle Western bank started in with a crude, cheap paper container which held three dollars in dimes, and which was conspicuous for its simplicity of design. Their depositors made such good use of them that they have had a goodly supply on hand at all times, and to-day are using one which contains space for five dollars of dimes. It was their experience that if a person wished to use a dime-saver, he or she would fill up a five-dollar container with the same spirit as in the case of the three-dollar one, and the bank would benefit by the additional deposits.

Recently we observed an excellent dollar dime-saver on the

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market which could be used effectively with school children. It was printed round, was the replica of a dollar, held ten dimes, and sold for around two and one-half cents each.

The value of the dime-saver lies in the fact that through lobby distribution depositors bring them home, fill them up, and frequently open accounts with the amount saved for some member of their family.

BEATING THE TRADE CYCLE

THE realization that trade and industrial conditions tend to run in cycles and to be repeated after a tale of years has helped to break up these cycles, we are assured by an editorial writer in *The Iron Age* (New York). In many instances, because every one was expecting a certain condition and was preparing to meet it, it did not come. In other words, familiarity with a cycle has tended to destroy that cycle. The author believes that quite a number of trade cycles have disappeared because the knowledge in men's minds of what was in danger of occurring caused them to take a course different from what they would have taken without this knowledge. He writes:

It was before the war that this influence of anticipation was first seen. According to the cycle a panic was due in 1913, i. e., 1873, 1893, 1913. Intermediate, there was a crisis in May, 1884, and a deprest condition of trade in 1904. The panic scheduled for 1913 did not come. Late in 1912 there were many predictions of it, and on December 18 President-elect Wilson promised "a gibbet as high as Haman's" for any one who should be caught helping to bring one on.

Immediately after the war there arose a great deal of talk about cycles in business. The course was analyzed from the numerous precedents. The general point in it all was that the policies of business men had swung alternately from one extreme to the other—too much confidence at one time, too little at another. The notion gained much vogue that business swings could be predicted long in advance, just by tracing a curve and carrying it forward. This might have proved correct if the knowledge had been confined to one man or a few men, but the cycle talk had the widest publicity. It became obvious then that if the theory should be generally adopted, it would fail, because everybody would endeavor to beat the game, and there would be no one left to play it according to the old rules.

Enough experience has now piled up to indicate that pretty much this sort of thing has occurred. Whenever there has been even a little talk of possible inflation, men have grown cautious, and the inflation has been nipt in the bud. Whenever it has appeared that men have been just a little more conservative than they needed to be, the course of trade has broadened out again.

True, we have had cycles of late, but they have not been the cycles that were talked of before the war, or even for a time just after the war. They have been much shorter, and therefore fundamentally different, for the great value in a cycle teaching lies in its being correct in point of time. An error of a year would have a man buying with prospect of a six-months advance when he ought instead to have sold six months previously.

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

August 11.—The Spanish and French forces operating against Moroccan rebels effect a junction and prepare for a combined Spanish-French offensive.

American battle-ships and auxiliaries visit Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin, and Auckland, New Zealand, en route from Australia to the United States.

August 12.—M. Briand, French Foreign Minister, and Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Secretary, after "informal conversations" in London, reach full accord regarding a security compact with Germany.

The largest concession granted by the Soviet Government to foreign interests is ratified at Moscow. It takes the form of a fifty-year contract for the exploitation of the Lena gold-fields, of Siberia, which are estimated to contain more than $100,000,000 worth of gold.

A request from the German Government for the return of German properties seized by the United States during the war is received by Secretary of State Kellogg.

August 13.—Mustafa Kemal Pasha, President of the Turkish Republic, issues a decree divorcing his wife, Latife Hanoum, a young Turkish heiress with a Western European education and a modern outlook in matters regarding feminism.

August 14.—Norway formally annexes the Spitzbergen Islands, discovered by the Vikings in 1194, and awarded to Norway by the Allied Supreme Council in 1920.

August 15.—Edmund Stinnes, son of the late German financier, Hugo Stinnes, unable to obtain credit at the banks to meet his pay-roll at the Aga Motor Works, transfers one-third of the company's capital stock to the employees as an evidence of good faith.

Five thousand Moroccan rebels surrender unconditionally to French and Spanish forces.

August 17.—Thousands of anti-Jewish demonstrators storm the headquarters of the Zionists at Vienna, where delegates are in attendance from all over the world.

A typhoon and violent rainstorms in southern Japan kill twelve, wreck homes in Osaka and other cities, and cause property damage estimated at $7,500,000.

Miss Gertrude Ederle, American swimmer, after swimming twenty-three and one-half miles in eight and one-half hours, is compelled by illness to abandon her attempt to swim the English Channel. Miss Ederle's illness is attributed to the fact that in making her way through a choppy sea she swallowed quantities of salt water.

Marshal Petain departs from Paris for the Moroccan front, where he is to meet Gen. Primo de Rivera and complete plans for Spanish-French cooperation in the war zone.

DOMESTIC

August 11.—President Coolidge indicates his willingness to lease the dirigibles *Los Angeles* and *Shenandoah* to a private air-transportation company headed by John Hays Hammond, Jr., and instructs Secretaries Wilbur, Weeks, and Hoover to act upon the company's proposal without unnecessary delay.

The last splice in a 500-wire cable connecting Chicago and New York is made near Toledo. The cable, which will not be affected by storms or blizzards, is capable of carrying simultaneously 520 telegraph messages and 258 telephone conversations.

August 12.—Opposing forces of Ku Klux Klan members and anti-Klansmen, numbering about a thousand, resort to revolvers, shotguns, stones, clubs, and tear-gas bombs in a riot near Reading, Massachusetts.

Assemblyman F. Trubee Davison, of New York, is elected chairman of the National Crime Commission, formed by Elbert H. Gary, head of the United States Steel Corporation, to reduce crime throughout the country by legislation and education.

Capt. Roald Amundsen's tiny vessel, the *Maud*, which has been drifting about in the Arctic ice-pack north of Siberia since the summer of 1922, frees herself and returns to Nome, Alaska.

August 13.—R. P. Wilcox, of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, is nominated for United States Senator at the Republican convention. He will be the Coolidge Republican candidate to fill the vacancy created by the death of Senator La Follette.

August 14.—Mrs. J. P. Morgan, wife of the banker, dies after suffering for two months from lethargic encephalitis, a form of sleeping sickness.

The Navy dirigible *Shenandoah* makes its first flight as an armed airship.

August 18.—The Belgian Debt Commission and our own foreign debt commission reach a basis of settlement of the Belgian debt to the United States. Instalments on the post-Armistice debt of $556,050,500, with interest at 3½ per cent. beginning at the end of ten years, and on the principal of a pre-Armistice debt of $171,780,000, on which interest is not to be charged, are to be paid simultaneously over a period of sixty-two years. With interest on the post-war debt added, the total to be paid is $727,830,500.

Thirty-two passengers are killed, while forty-one others are probably fatally scalded, and a hundred injured as the result of a boiler explosion on the excursion steamer *Mackinac* near Newport, Rhode Island.

Ready to Do His Bit.—A wide-awake young man who had just arrived at the summer hotel sought out the proprietor and said: "I notice you have a sign up which reads: 'Guests will please exercise patients until the meals are served.' "

"Yes, sir," said the proprietor.

"Well, if that pretty, but pale-looking girl over there is one of your patients, I will gladly take her for a walk along the beach."—*Boston Transcript.*

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Only Saw the Road.—NED—"Where did you tour on your vacation?".

TED—"Gosh! I don't know! I was driving the car!"—*Life.*

Equal to the Occasion.—TEACHER—"Sammie, name the four seasons."

SAMMIE—"Salt, mustard, vinegar and pepper!"—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Slightly Autumnal.—There's a hint of sophistication in the reply of a youngster to the question regarding his auntie's age. "I don't know 'zactly how old she is," he replied, "but a cup of tea rests her."—*Boston Transcript.*

One of Those Hats.—HE—"Then you like the idea of my coming out without a hat?"

SHE—"Well, it isn't that, but I'd sooner see you without a hat than wearing the sort of hat you would wear if you wore a hat!"—*The Passing Show.*

Table Manners in Kansas.—The per capita consumption of ice-cream in this country last year was 2.56 gallons, but we remember eating only the two gallons. The .56 must have been that which melted down through the bottom of the cone into our lap.—*Kansas City Star.*

One More Effort Needed.—"I can't remember the words of that new song," said the girl.

"That makes it easier," returned her father. "Now all you've got to do to make home happy is to forget the tune."—*Boston Transcript.*

Not So Slow.—YOUNG CITY MISS—"There isn't much pep to the girls out here, is there?"

FARMER JIMSON—"Pep! Wahl, I dunno 'bout that, lady. Now dis mawnin' our gal Saryh milked fifteen cows befoh breakfast."—*Boston Globe.*

Solid Mahogany.—"There is not another boy in this town as clever as my Charles!"

"Go on; how is that?"

"Well, look at those two chairs. My Charles made them all out of his own head, and he has enough wood left to make an armchair!"—*Good Hardware.*

The Old Reliable Nuisance.—"Have you any alarm clocks?" inquired the customer. "What I want is one that will arouse father without waking the whole family."

"I don't know of any such alarm clock as that, madam," said the man behind the counter. "We keep just the ordinary kind that will wake the whole family without disturbing father."—*Wheeler's Magazine.*

Her Long Suit.—COOK—"I can't break the ice, mum."

MISTRESS—"That's very strange, Bridget. Did you try letting it fall?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Cheerful Either Way.—ANXIOUS OLD LADY (on river steamer)—"I say, my good man, is this boat going up or down?"

SURLY DECKHAND—"Well, she's a leaky old tub, ma'am, so I shouldn't wonder if she was going down. Then, again, her b'ilers ain't none too good, 'n she might go up."—*Pittsburgh Press.*

TIGER: "Thank heaven, stripes are out."—*Judge.*

Military Note.—An Army officer was showing his fair guest about the camps when a bugle sounded.

"What's that for?" the fair one inquired.

"That's tattoo," the officer explained.

"Oh, I understand," she remarked. "I've often seen it on soldiers' arms, but I didn't know they had a special time for doing it."—*The Argonaut.*

Willing to Oblige.—The famous criminal lawyer had won a shockingly bad case by eloquence and trickery, and a rival lawyer said to him, bitterly:

"Is there any case so low, so foul, so vilely crooked and shameful that you'd refuse it?"

"Well, I don't know," the other answered with a smile. "What have you been doing now?"—*Northern Daily Mail.*

Not Quite, But—Solomon has attested to the strangeness of a man's way with a maid, but the way of a maid being courted has always been a mystery to a man. A girl dismissed her sweetheart with the statement that she could not think of marrying him until he had a few thousand dollars. A few months later she met him and asked him how much he had saved. "Thirty-five dollars," he said. "Well," she remarked with a blush, "I guess that's near enough."—*The Argonaut.*

A Mean Job.—WANTED: Woman, elderly; to take cake of little boy.—*Ad. in Chicago Daily News.*

Finding Their Function.—Only a question of time when the city parks will have to be used for parking.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Had His Doubts.—WILLIE—"Hello! Why are you standin' here in front of the office you got fired from last week? Waitin' to get taken back?"

JIMMIE—"Not much! I just wanted to see if they was still in business."—*Kansas City Star.*

Theological Item.—PARSON—"You love to go to Sunday School, don't you, Robert?"

BOBBY—"Yes, sir."

PARSON—"What do you expect to learn today?"

BOBBY—"The date of the picnic."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Pat Reply.—In a Wexford church, the minister announced his text, "Paul we know and Apollos we know, but who are these?"

Just then the verger was showing two strangers into a pew, so in an audible whisper he said, "Two commercial travelers from White's Hotel, your reverence."—*The Western Christian Advocate.*

Next!!!—An advertisement that appeared in the columns of an Indian paper must be among the best examples of Babu English. Here it is, word for word:

"Mahomedsman, hair-cutter and clean shaver. Gentlemen's throats cut with very sharp razors, with great care and skill. No irritating feeling afterward. A trial solicited."—*Buffalo Express.*

No Novelty to Him.—A doctor was examining a man who had come to him for the first time. Satisfied at last, the doctor looked at him gravely. "You are in bad shape," he said. "What you need is a sea voyage. Can you manage it?"

"Oh, yes," replied the patient. "I'm second mate on the *Anna Marie*, just in from Hongkong."—*Youth's Companion.*

No Such Person.—Thomas was not a prime favorite with his rich uncle. In vain did he try to impress him, but the old man was not easily imprest.

One evening the young man went to his uncle's home for a call, and in the course of conversation asked:

"Uncle, don't you think it would be rather foolish for me to marry a girl who was intellectually my inferior?"

"Worse than foolish, Thomas," was the reply. "Worse than foolish—impossible."—*Success Magazine.*

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